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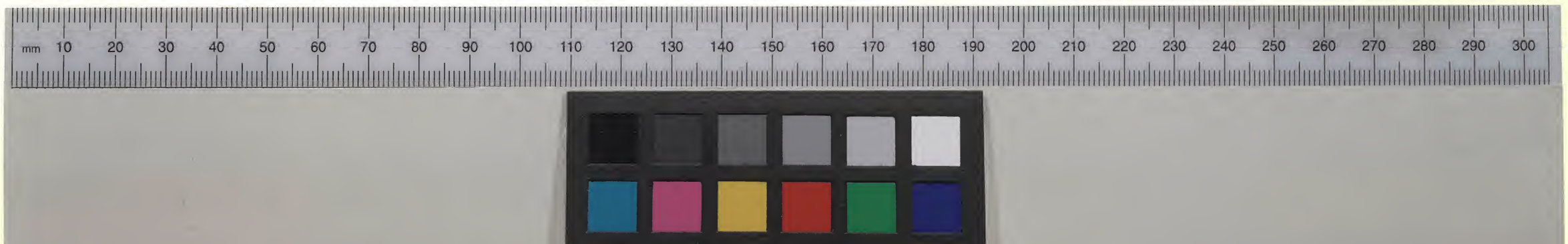
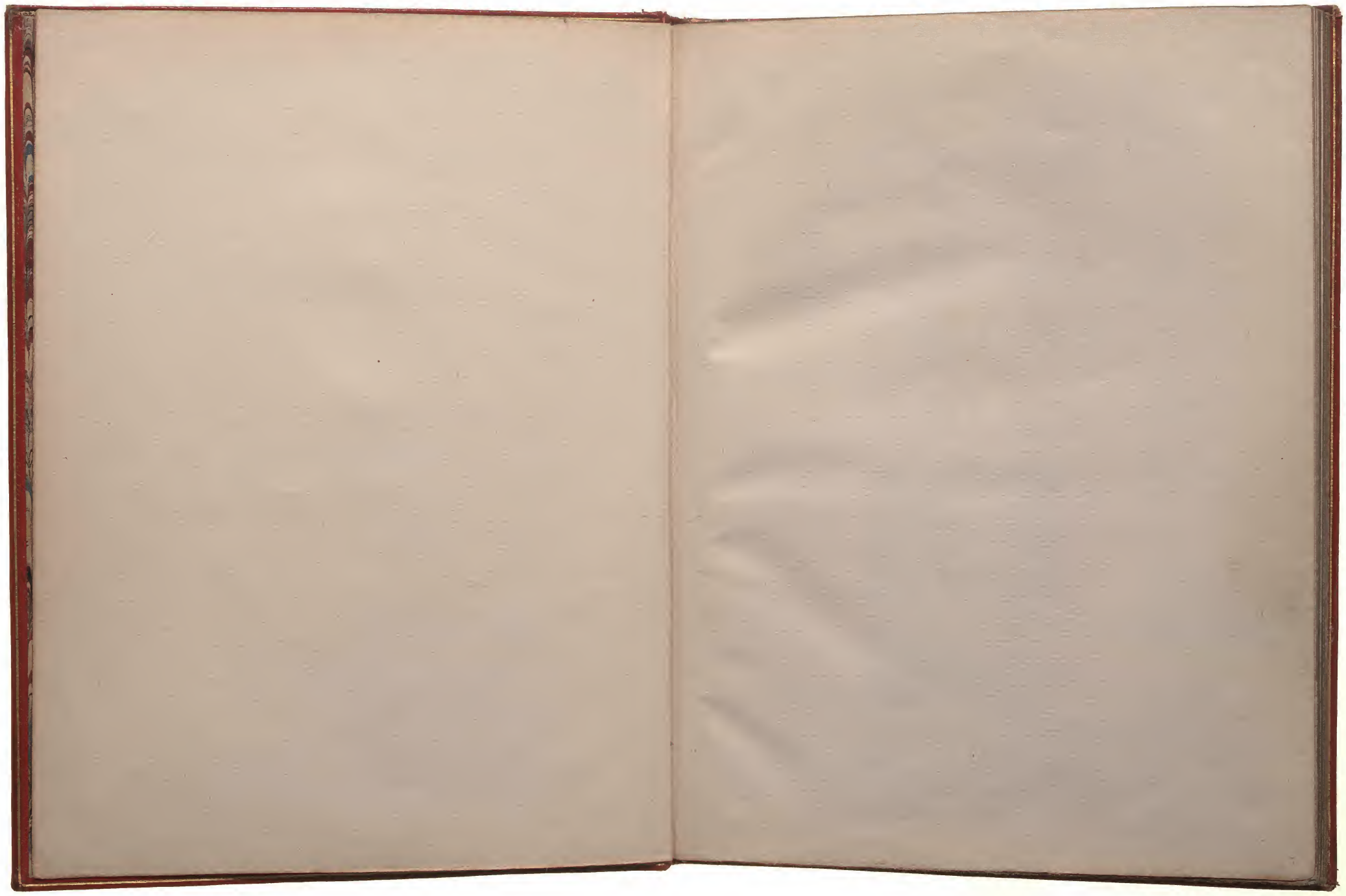




K. Shakspere (W.)

C.34 k.47

~~C.34. e.19~~

THE TRAGEDIE of King Richard the third.

Conteining his treacherous Plots against his brother *Clarence*: the pitiful murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most *deserued death*.

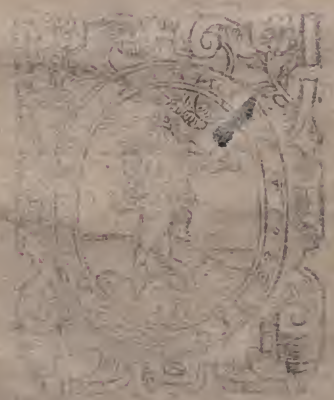
As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.

By William Shake-speare.

LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloſter, ſolus.



NOw is the winter of our diſcontent,
Made glorious ſummer by this ſonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our houſe,
In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for monuments,
Our ſterne alarums changd to merrie meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull meaſures.
Grim-viſagde warre, hath ſmoothde his wrinkled front,
And now in ſtead of mounting barbed ſteedes,
To fright the ſoules of fearefull aduerſaries.
He capers Nimblie in a Ladies chamber,
To the laſciuious pleaſing of a loue.
But I that am not ſhapte for ſportiue trickes,
Not made to court an amorous looking glaſſe,
I that am rudely ſtampt & want loues maieſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deformd, vnfiniſht, ſent before my time.
Into this breathing world ſcarce half made vp.
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in the ſunne,
And deſcant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore ſince I cannot prooue a louer
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken daies,

I am determined to prooue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies:
Plots haue I laid, inductious dangerous,
By drunken Prophesies, libels and dreames,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And if King Edward be as true and iust,
As I am subtile, false, and trecherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mewed vp,
About a Prophecy which saies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherers shall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with*
Heere Clarence comes, *a gard of men.*
Brother, good dayes, what meanes this armed gard
That waites vpon your grace? (pointed
Cla. His Maiestie tendering my persons safety hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the tower.
Glo. Vpon what cause?
Cla. Because my name is George:
Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your Godfathers:
O belike his maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the tower.
But whats the matter Clarence may I know?
Cla. Yea Richard when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And saies a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
These as I learne and such like toies as these,
Haue mooued his highnesse to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that sends you to the tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis she,
That tempts him to this extremitie:
Wet it not she and that good man of wor- (thony

Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.
Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no man is securde,
But the Queenes kindred and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistresse Shore,
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his deliuerie,
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deitie.
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the king,
To be her men and weare her liuery.
The iealous oreworne widow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mightie gossips in this monarchy.
Bro. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me:
His Maiestie hath straightlie giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree soeuer with his brother.
Glo. Euen so and please your worship Brokenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the king
Is wise and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire and not iealous.
We say that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lippe, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes.
How say you sir, can you denie all this?
Bro. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue naught to do.
Glo. Naught to do with Mistresse Shore, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one
Were best he do it secretly alone.
Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldst thou betray me?
Bro. I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for-
Your conference with the noble Duke. (beare

Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the Queenes abiects and muſt obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatſoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow ſiſter,
I will performe it to infranchiſe you.
Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.
Glo. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long,
I will deliuer you or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*
Glo. Go tread the path, that thou ſhalt neare returne,
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to heauen,
If heauen will take the preſent at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered Haſtings?
Enter Lord Haſtings.
Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to the open aire,
How hath your Lordſhip brookt impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue my lord to giue them thankes,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pittie that the Eagle ſhould be mewed,
While kights and buſſards prey at liberty.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The king is ſickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phiſitions feare him mightily.
Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouermuch conſumed his royall perſon,

Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon:
What is he in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you. *Exit Haſt.*
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not die,
Till George be packt with poſt horſe vp to heauen.
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well ſteeld with weightie arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercie,
And leaue the world for me to buſſell in:
For then Ile marrie Warwicks youngeſt daughter:
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent.
By marrying her which I muſt reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, Edward ſtill liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gaines. *Exit.*
Enter Lady Anne, with the hearſe of Harry the 6.
Lady An. Sit downe ſit downe, your honourable lord:
If honor may be ſhrowded in a hearſe,
Whileſt I a while obſequiouſly lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaſter.
Poore kei-cold figure, of a holy King,
Pale aſhes of the houſe of Lancaſter,
Thou bloudleſſe remnant of that royall bloud,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy ghoſt,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy ſlaughtered ſonne,
Stabd by the ſelfeſame hands that made theſe holes,
Loe in thoſe windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpleſſe balme of my poore eyes,
Curſt be the hand that made theſe fatall holes,
Curſt be the heart that had the heart to do it.

More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wish to adders, spiders, toades,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whose vgly and vnnaturall aspect,
May fright the hopefull mother at the view:
If euer he haue wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy loade,
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And still as you are wearie of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King Henries corse.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you that beare the corse and set it downe.
La. What blacke magitian conures vp this fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deedes?
Glo. Villaine set downe the corse, or by S. Paule,
Ile make a corse of him that disobeyes.
Gent. My Lord, stand backe and let the coffin passe.
Glo. Vnmannerd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by Saint Paule Ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnesse.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the deuell.
Auaunt thou dreadfull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall body,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweete Saint, for Charity be not so curst.
La. Foule deuell, for Gods sake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:
Fild it with cursing cries, and deepe exclaimes.
If thou delight to view thy hainous deedes,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries,

Oh

Oh Gentlemen see, see dead Henries woundes,
Open their congeald mouths, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For t'is thy presence that exhales this blood,
From colde and emptie veines where no bloud dwells.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall.
Oh God which this bloud madest, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this bloud drinkst, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,
Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke.
As thou doest swallow vp this good Kings bloud,
Which his hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Ladie you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses,
Lady. Villaine thou knowest no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Lady. Oh wonderfull when Diuels tell the truth.
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry:
Vouchafe diuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.
La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such despaire I should accuse my selfe.
La. And by dispairing shouldst thou stand excusde,
For doing worthie vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst vnworthie slaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I slue them not?
La. Why then they are not dead,
But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.

La.

La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou liest, Queene Margaret saw
Thy bloudy faulchion smoking in his bloud,
The which thou once did bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her slaunderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloudie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king? *Glo.* I grant yea.
La. Dost graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou mayest be damnd for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen, that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.
La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bedchamber.
La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.
La. I hope so.
Glo. I know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kinde incounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths,
Of these Plantagenets, Henrie and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect,
Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest one houre in your sweete bosome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beautie from my cheekes.
Glo. These eies could neuer indure sweet beauties wracke,
You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sonne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouershade thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuengd on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.
La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Glo. Go to, he liues that loues you better then he could.
La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.
La. Why that was he.
Glo. The selfe same name, but one of better nature.
La. Where is he?
Glo. Heere. *She spitteth at him.*
Why dost thou spit at me?
La. Would it were mortall poyson for thy sake.
Glo. Neuer came poyson from so sweete a place.
La. Neuer hung poyson on a fouler toade,
Out of my sight, thou dost infect my eies.
Glo. Thine eies sweete Lady, haue infected mine.
La. Would they were Basiliskes to strike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a liuing death:
Those eies of thine, from mine haue drawne salt teares,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:
I neuer sued to friend nor enemie,
My tongue could neuer learne sweete soothing words:
But now thy beautie is proposde my fee:
My proude heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake,
Teach not thy lips such scorne, for they were made
For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Lo here I lend thee this sharpe pointed sword,

Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true boſome,
And let the ſoule forth that adoreth thee:
I laie it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay,do not pawſe,twas I that kilde your husband,
But twas thy beautie that prouoked me:
Nay now diſpatch,twas I that kild King Henry:
But twas thy heauenly face that ſet me on: *Here ſhe lets fall*
Take vp the ſword againe or take vp me. *the ſword.*
La. Ariſe diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my ſelfe,and I will do it.
La. I haue alreadie.
Glo. Tuſh that was in thy rage.
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue kill a farre truer loue:
To both their deaths thou ſhalt be acceſſarie.
La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are falſe.
Glo. Then neuer was man true.
La. Well,well,put vp your ſword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That ſhall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I ſhall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue ſo.
Glo. Vouchſafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompaſſeth thy finger,
Euen ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poore heart.
Weare both of them,for both of them are thine,
And if thy poore ſuppliant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doeſt confirme his happineſſe for euer:
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would pleaſe thee leaue theſe ſad deſignes,
To him that hath more cauſe to be a mourner,

And preſently repaire to Crosbie place.
Where after I haue ſolemnely interred
At Chertſie monaſtery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie ſee you:
For diuers vnknowne reaſons,I beſeech you
Grant me this boone.
La. With all my heart,and much it ioyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent:
Treſſill and Barkley go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deſerue:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue ſaid farewell already. *Exit.*
Glo. Sirs take vp the corſe.
Ser. Towards Chertſie noble Lord?
Glo. No,to white Friers,there attend my comming.
Was euer woman in this humour woed? *Exeunt, manet Gl.*
Was euer woman in this humor wonne?
Ile haue her,but I will not keepe her long.
What I that kild her husband and his father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt heate:
With curſes in her mouth,teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſſe of her hatred by,
Hauing God,her conſcience,and theſe bars againſt me,
And I nothing to backe my ſuit at all,
But the plaine Diuell and diſſembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world to nothing. Hah?
Hath ſhe forgot alreadie that braue Prince
Edward,her Lord,whom I ſome three moneths ſince
Stabd in my angrie moode at Tewxbury?
A ſweeter and a louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigalitie of nature:
Yong,valiant,wiſe,and no doubt right royall,
The ſpacious world cannot againe affoord.
And will ſhee yet debaſe her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this ſweete Prince,
And made her widdow to a wofull bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edwards moity,
On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus,
My Dukedome to a beggerly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while.
Vpon my life she finds, although I cannot
My selfe, to be a maruailous proper man.
Ile be at charges for a looking glasse,
And entertaine some score or two of taylers,
To studie fashions to adorne my bodie,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cost:
But first Ile turne yon fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine out faire sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my shadow as I passe. *Exit.*

Enter Queene, Lord Riuers, Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, there's no doubt his Maie-
Will soone recouer his accustomed health. (stie
Gray In that you broke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his grace with quicke and mery words.
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me.
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gr. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne.
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloucester,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Ri. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the King miscarrie. (*Enter Buck. Darby*
Gr. Here come the Lords of Buckingham, and Darby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your maiestie ioyfull as you haue beene.
Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lo: of Darby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby notwithstanding, shees your wife,

And

And loues not me, be you good Lo. assurde
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Dar. I do beseech you either not beleeue
The enuious slaunders of her false accusers,
Or if she be accusde in true report.
Beare with her weakenesse, which I thinke proceedes,
From wayward sickenesse, and no grounded malice.
Riu. Saw you the King to day, my Lo. of Darbie?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham, and I,
Came from visiting his Maiestie.
Qu. With likelihoode of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madame, good hope, his Grace speakes cheerfully.
Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madame we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester, and your brothers,
And betwixt them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happinesse is at the highest. *Enter Gloucester.*
Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they that complaines vnto the King?
That I forsooth am sterne and loue them not:
By holy Paul they loue his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with such dissentions rumors:
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue and cog,
Ducke with French nods, and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rankerous enemie.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abusde,
By silken slie insinuating Iackes?
Ri. To whom in all this presence speakes your Grace?
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honestie nor grace.
When haue I iniured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?
A plague vpon you all. His royall person
(Whom God preserue better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But

But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints,
Qu. Brother of Gloceſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King of his owne royall diſpoſition,
And not prouokt by any ſuter elſe,
Aiming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions ſhewes it ſelfe,
Againſt my kinred, brother, and my ſelfe:
Makes him to ſend, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne ſo bad.
That Wrens make prey where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman:
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Glo.
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue needs of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grants that we haue needs of you,
Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions,
Are daily giuen to enoble thoſe,
That ſcarce ſome two daies ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie,
Againſt the Duke of Clarence: but haue beene,
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord, you do me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſly to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, Lo. Riuers, why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts,
What may ſhe not, ſhe may, yea marrie may ſhe.

Riu.

Riu. What marrie may ſhe?
Glo. What marrie may ſhe? marry with a King,
A batcheler, a handſome ſtripling too.
Iwis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My Lo. of Gloceſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſtie,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a countrey ſeruant maid,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at: *Enter Qu.*
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Margaret.*
Qu. Mar. And leſſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeate is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling, or the King?
Tell him and ſpare not, looke what I haue ſaid,
I will auouch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, my paines are quite forgot.
Qu. Mar. Out diuell, I remember them too well,
Thou ſleweſt my husband Henrie in the Tower.
And Edward my poore ſonne at Teuxburie.
Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband King,
I was a packehorſe in his great affaires.
A weeder out of his proud aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his bloud I ſpilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better bloud, then his or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the houſe of Lancaſter:
And Riuers, ſo were you. Was not your husband
In Margarets battaile at Saint Albons ſlaine?
Let me put in your minds, if yours forget
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
Qu. Ma. A murtherous uillaine, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Glo. Poore Clarence did forſake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardon.)
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.

Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lo.)he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards ſoft and pitifull like mine,
I am too childiſh, fooliſh for this world.
Qu.Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſhame,and leaue the world
Thou Cacodemon,rhere thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lo.of Gloceſter in thoſe buſie dayes,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lo.our lawfull king,
So ſhould we you,if you ſhould be our king.
Glo. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould inioy,were you this countries king,
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof.
Qu.Ma. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhe,and altogither ioyleſſe.
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrats that fall out,
In ſharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
If not,that I being Queene,you bow like ſubiects,
Yet that by you depoſde,you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine do not turne awae.
Glo. Foule wrinckled witch,what makſt thou in my ſight
Q.Ma. But repetition of what thou haſt marde,
That will I make,before I let thee go:
A husband,and a ſonne thou oweſt to me.
And thou a kingdome,all of you allegeance:
The ſorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleaſures you vſurpe are mine.
Glo. The curſe my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didſt crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drewſt riuers from his eies,
And then to drie them,gau'ſt the Duke a clout,
Steept in the faultleſſe bloud of prettie Rutland:

His

His curſes then from bitterneſſe of ſoule,
Denounſt againſt thee,are all fallen vpon thee,
And God,not we,hath plagde thy bloudy deede.
Qu. So iuſt is God to right the innocent.
Haſt. O twas the fouleſt deede to flay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.
Riu. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported.
Dorſ. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buck. Northunberland then preſent,wept to ſee it.
Qu. M. What?were you ſnarling all before I came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curſe preuaile ſo much with heuen,
That Henries death,my louely Edwards death,
Their Kingdoms loſſe,my wofull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwere for that peeuiſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the clouds,and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curſes:
If not by warre,by ſurfet die your King,
As ours by murder,to make him a King.
Edward thy ſonne,which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my ſonne,which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth,by like vntimely violence,
Thy ſelfe a Queene,for me that was a Queene,
Outliue thy glorie,like my wretched ſelfe:
Long maiſt thou liue to waile thy childrens loſſe,
And ſee another,as I ſee thee now,
Deckt in thy glorie,as thou art ſtald in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
Die neither mother,wife,nor Englands Queene.
Riuers and Dorſet,you were ſtanders by,
And ſo waſt thou Lo:Haſtings, when my ſonne
Was ſtabd with bloudie daggers,God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age;
But by ſome vnlookt accident cut off.
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.
Q.M. And leaue out the ſtay dog,for thou ſhalt hear me

If heauen haue any grecuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy ſoule,
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liueſt,
And take deepe traitors for thy deareſt friends,
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be whileſt ſome tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels.
Thou eluiſh mark, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy natiuitie
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne of hell,
Thou ſlaunder of thy mothers heauie wombe,
Thou loathed iſſue of thy fathers loynes.
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

Qu. M. I call thee not.

Glo. Then I crie thee mercie: for I had thought
Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.

Qu. M. Why ſo I did, but lookt for no replie,
O let me make the period to my curſe.

Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.

Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe.

Q. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſuger on that bottled ſpider, tune:
Whoſe deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe.
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbackt toade.

Haſt. Falſe boading woman, end thy frantike curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine,

Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.

Q. M. To ſeruе me well; you all ſhould do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:

O ſerue me well, and teach yours ſelues that dutie.

Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.

Q. M. Peace Maſter Marques, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarſe current:
O that your yong nobilitie could iudge,
What twere to looſe it and be miſerable:
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelues to peeces.

Glo. Good counſell mary, learne it, learne it Marques.

Dor. It toucheth you (my Lo:) as much as me.

Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.

Qu. M. And turnes the ſunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſonne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our airies neſt,
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with bloud, loſt be it ſo.

Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charitie.

Q. M. Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butcherd;
My charitie is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſtill liue my ſorrowes rage.

Buck. Haue done.

Q. M. O Princely Buckingham, I will kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Princely houſe,
Thy garments are not ſpotted with out bloud,
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.

Buck. Nor no one here, for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of thoſe that breath them in the aire.

Q. M. Ile not beleeue but they aſcend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,

His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to do with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say my Lo: of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.
Q. M. What dost thou scorne me for my gentle coun-
And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from? (sell?
O but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore Margaret was a prophetesse:
Liue each of you the subiects of his hate,
And he to your, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Hast. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses.
Riu. And so doth mine, I wonder shees at libertie.
Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Qu. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was to hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid,
He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it.
Riu. A vertuous and a Christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that haue done scathe to vs.
Glo. So do I euer, being well aduisde,
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.
Catsf. Madam his maiestie doth call for you.
And for your Grace, and you my noble Lo:
Qu. Catesby we come, Lords will you go with vs.
Riu. Madame we will attend your grace. *Exeunt. manet Ri.*
Glo. I doe the wrong, and first began to braule
The secret mischiefes that I set abroach,
I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others
Clarence, whom I indeede haue laid in darkenesse:
I do beweepe to many simple guls:

Name-

Namely to Hastings, Darby, Buckingham,
And say it is the Queene, and her allies,
That stirre the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall whet me,
To be reuengde on Riuers, Vaughan, Gray:
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture.
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked villanie,
With old odde ends, stolne out of holy writ,
And seeme a Saint, when most I play the Diuell:
But soft, here comes my executioners. *Enter executioners.*
How now, my hardie stout resolued mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?
Execu. We are, my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me,
When you haue done, repaire to Crosbie place:
But sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withall, obdurate, do not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps,
May moue your hearts to pittie, if you marke him.
Exec. Tush, feare not, my Lo. we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers, be assured:
We come to vse our hands, and not our tongues.
Glo. Your eies drop milstones, when fooles eies drop tears,
I like you lads, about your businesse. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence, Brokenburie.

Bro. Why lookes your grace so heauily to day?
Clar. Oh, I haue past a miserable night,
So full of vgly sights, of gastly dreames,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though t'were to buy a world of happie dayes,
So full of dismall terror was the time.
Bro. What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell it.
Cla. Me thoughts I was imbarkt for Burgundie.
And in my companie my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walke,

Vpon

Vpon the hatches thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thousand fearefull times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster,
That had befallen vs: as we past along,
Vpon the giddie footing of the hatches,
Me thought that Gloecester stumbled, and in stumbling,
Stroke me (that thought to stay him) ouer board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of waters in mine eares,
What vgly sights of death within mine eies:
Me thought I saw a thousand fearefull wracks,
Ten thousand men, that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of golde, great anchors, heapes of pearle,
Inestimable stones, vnualued Iewels,
Some lay in dead mens sculs, and in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept
As't were in scorne of eyes reflecting gems,
Which wood the slimie bottom of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Brok. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe?
Clar. Me thought I had: for still the enuious floud
Kept in my soule, and would not let it foorth,
To seeke the emptie, vast, and wandering aire,
But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this sore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest to my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferriman, which Poets write of,
Vnto the kindome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greet my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law, renowmed Warwicke,
Who cried alowd, what scourge for periurie.
Can this darke monarchie affoord false Clarence,
And so he vanisht: then came wandring by,

A sha-

A shadow like an Angell in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he squeakt out alowd,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
That stabd me in the field by Teuxburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuirond me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hideous cries, that with the verie noise,
I trembling, wakt: and for a season after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.
Bro. No maruell (my Lo.) though it affrighted you,
I promise you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O Brokenburie, I haue done those things,
Which now beare euidence against my soule,
For Edwards sake, and see how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauie, and I faine would sleepe.
Bro. I will (my Lo.) God giue your Grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing howers,
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle,
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of restlesse cares:
So that betwixt their titles, and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murtherers enter.

In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
Exec. I would speake with Clarence, and I came hither on (my legs.
Bro. Yea, are you so briefe?
2 *Exec.* O sir, it is better to be briefe then tedious,
Shew him our commission, talke no more. *He readeth it.*
Bro. I am in this commaunded to deliuer
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning:
Here are the keies, there sits the Duke asleepe,

Ile to his Maieſtie, and certifie his grace.
That thus I haue reſignd my charge to you.
Exe. Do ſo, it is a point of wiſdome.
2 What ſhall I ſtab him as he ſleepes?
1 No then he will ſay twas done cowardly
When he wakes,
2 When he wakes,
Why foole he ſhall neuer wake till the iudgement day.
1 Why then he will ſay, we ſtabd him ſleeping.
2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred
A kind of remorſe in me.
1 What, art thou afraid?
2 Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1 Backe to the Duke of Gloceſter, tell him ſo.
2 I pray thee ſtay a while, I hope my holy humor will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tell xx,
1 How doſt thou feele thy ſelfe now? (in me.
2 Faith ſome certaine dregs of conſcience are yet with-
1 Remember our reward when the deed is done.
2 Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1 Where is thy conſcience now?
2 In the Duke of Gloceſters purſe.
1 So when he opens his purſe to giue vs our reward,
Thy conſcience flies out.
2 Let vs go, there's few or none will entertaine it.
1 How if it come to thee againe?
2 Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,
It makes a man a coward. A man can not ſteale,
But it accuſeth him: he cannot ſweare, but it checks him:
He cannot lie with his neighbours wife, but it detects
Him. It is a bluſhing ſhamfaſt ſpirit, that mutinies.
In a mans boſome: it fils one full of obſtacles,
It made me once reſtore a purſe of gold that I found,
It beggers any man that keepes it: it is turnd out of all
Townes and Cities for a daungerous thing, and euerie
Man that meanes to liue well, endeuours to truſt
To himſelfe, and to liue without it.

1 Zounds

1 Zounds it is euen now at my elbow perſwading me
Not to kill the Duke.
2 Take the Diuell in thy minde, and beleeue him not,
He would inſinuate with thee to make thee ſigh.
1 Tut, I am ſtrong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.
2 Spoke like a tall fellow that reſpects his reputation,
Come ſhall we to this geare?
1 Take him ouer the coſtard with the hilts of thy ſword,
And then we will chop him in the malmſey But in the next
2 Oh excellent deuice, make a ſop of him, (roome.
1 Harke he ſtirs, ſhall I ſtrike?
2 No, firſt lets reaſon with him.
Cla. Where art thou keeper, giue me a cup of wine.
1 You ſhall haue wine enough my Lo: anon.
Cla. In Gods name what art thou?
2 A man as you are.
Cla. But not as I am, royall.
2 Nor you as we are, loyall.
Cla. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.
2 My voyce is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.
Cla. How darkely, and how deadly doſt thou ſpeake?
Tell me who are you, wherefore come you hither?
Am. To, to, to.
Cla. To murther me. *Am.* I.
Cla. You ſcarcely haue the hearts to tell me ſo,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.
Wherein my friends haue I offended you?
1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.
Cla. I ſhall be reconcild to him againe.
2 Neuer my Lo: therefore prepare to die.
Cla. Are you cald forth from out a world of men
To ſlay the innecent? what is my offence?
Where are the euidence that do accuſe me?
What lawfull queſt haue giuen their verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Iudge, or who pronounſt
The bitter ſentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be conuict by courſe of law?

To threaten me with death is most vnlawfull:
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Christs, deare bloud shed for our greeuous sinnes,
That you depart and lay no hands on me:
The deede you vndertake is damnable.
1 What we will do, we do vpon command.
2 And he that hath commanded is the King.
Clar. Erronious Vassaile, the great King of Kings,
Hath in the tables of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heede, for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his law.
2 And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receiue the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrell of the house of Lancaster.
1 And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst breake that vowe, and with thy trecherous blade,
Vnripst the bowels of thy soueraignes sonne.
2 Whom thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.
1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?
Clar. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deede,
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why sirs, he sends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this sinne he is as deepe as I:
If God will be reuenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,
He needes no indirect, nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1 Who made thee then a bloudy minister,
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee?
Clar. My brothers loue, the diuell, and my rage.
1 Thy brothers loue, the diuell, and thy fault,
haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.
Clar. Oh if you loue my brother, hate not me,

I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for neede, go backe againe,
And I will sende you to my brother Gloucester,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2 You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I, so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our princely father Yorke,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And charged vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this deuided friendship.
Bid Gloucester thinke of this, and he will weepe.
Am. I milstones, as he lessond vs to weepe.
Cla. O do not slaunder him, for he is kind,
1 Right as snow in haruest, thou deceiu'st thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. It cannot be, for when I parted with him,
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
2 Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee,
From this worlds thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen,
1 Make peace with God, for you must die my Lo:
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule.
To counsell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet, to thy owne soule so blinde,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deede, will hate you for this deede.
2 What shall we do?
Cla. Relent, and saue your soules.
1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuelish.
My friend, I spie some pittie in thy lookes:
Oh if thy eie be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreate for me:
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?

1 I thus, and thus: if this will not ſerue, *He ſtabs him.*
Ile chop thee in the malmeſey But in the next roome.
2 A bloudy deede, and deſperately performd,
How faine like Pilate would I waſh my hand,
Of this moſt grieuous guiltie murder done.
1 Why doeſt thou not helpe me?
By heauens the Duke ſhall know how ſlacke thou art.
2 I wou'd he knew that I had ſaued his brother.
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I ſay,
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlaine. *Exit.*
1 So do not I, go coward as thou art:
Now muſt I hide his body in ſome hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede I muſt away,
For this will out, and here I muſt not ſtay. *Exeunt*

Enter King, Queene, Haſtings, Ryuers, Dorcet, &c.

Kin. So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,
You peeres continue this vnited league,
I euerie day expect an Embaſſage
From my redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my ſoule ſhall part from heauen,
Since I haue ſet my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and Haſtings, take each others hand,
Diſſemble not your hatred, ſweare your loue.
Riu. By heauen, my heart is purgd from grudging hate.
And with my hand I ſeale my true hearts loue.
Haſt. So thriue I as I truely ſweare the like.
Kin. Take heede you dally not before your King.
Leaſt he that is the ſupreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.
Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I as I loue Haſtings with my heart.
Kin. Madame, your ſelfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your ſonne Dorſet, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue beene factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lo: Haſtings, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfainedly.
Q. Here Haſtings, I will neuer more remember Our

Our former hatred ſo thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
Haſt. And ſo ſweare I my Lord.
Kin. Now Princely Buckingham ſeale thou this league,
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate,
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me.
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt need to imploy a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleaſing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloceſter here,
To make the perfect period of this peace. *Enter Gloceſter.*
Buc. And in good time, here comes the noble Duke
Glo. Good morrow to my ſoueraigne King & Queene,
And princely Peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin. Happie indeede, as we haue ſpent the day:
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate.
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong inſenced Peeres.
Glo. A bleſſed labour my moſt ſoueraigne liege,
Amongſt this princely heape, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,
Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to this friendly peace,
T'is death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and deſire all good mens loue.
Firſt, Madame, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my dutious ſeruice.

Of

Of you my noble cooſen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs,
Of you Lo. Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without deſert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, gentlemen, in deed of all:
I do not know that Engliſh man aliue,
With whom my ſoule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie.

Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept hereafter.
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded,
My ſouereigne liege I do beſeech your Maieſtie,
To take our brother Clarence to your Grace.

Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this.
To be thus ſcorned in this royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You do him iniurie to ſcorne his corſe.

Riu. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?

Qu. All ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?

Buck. Looke I ſo paile Lo. Dorſet as the reſt?

Dor. I my good Lo. and no one in this preſence,
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.

Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerſt.

Glo. But he (poore ſoule by your firſt order died,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lag to ſee him buried:
God grant that ſome leſſe noble, and leſſe loyall,
Nearer in bloudie thoughts, but not in bloud:
Deſerue not worſe then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from ſuſpition. *Enter Darbie.*

Dar. A boone (my ſoueraine) for my ſeruice done.

Kin. I pray thee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorrow.

Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt.

Kin. Then ſpeake at once, what is it thou demaundſt.

Dar. The forfait ſoueraigne of my ſeruants life.
Who ſlue to day a ryotous gentleman,
Latelie attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.

Kin. Haue

Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon to a ſlaue?
My brother ſlue no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his puniſhment was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete, and bade me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brotherhood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mightie Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who tolde me in the field by Teuxburie,
When Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me,
And ſaid, deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay ie the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lappe me,
Euen in his owne garments, and gaue himſelfe
All thin and and naked to the numbcold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters, or your waighting vaſſailes
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defaſte,
The precious image of our deare Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vniuſtly too, muſt graunt it you:
But for my brother, not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him, poore ſoule: The proudeſt of you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once plead for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iuſtice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this. *Exit.*
Come Haſtings, helpe me to my cloſet, oh poore Clarence,

Glo. This is the fruit of raſhneſſe: markt you not
How that the guiltie kinred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death.
Oh they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our companie. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?

Dut. No boy.

Boy. Why doo you wring your hands, and beat your breast,
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappie sonne?

Gerl. Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head,
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castawayes,
If that our noble father be aliue?

Dut. My prettie Cosens, you mistake me much,
I do lament the sickenesse of the King:
As loath to loose him, not your fathers death:
It were lost labour, to weepe for one that's lost.

Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this:
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With daylie praiers, all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children, peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guesse who causde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam we can: For my good Vncle Gloucester
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when hee tolde me so, hee wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kist my cheeke,
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.

Dut. Oh that deceite should steale such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile:
He is my sonne, yea, and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did dissemble, Granam?

Dut. I boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke what noise is this? *Enter the Queen.*

Qu. Oh who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioine with blacke despaire against my soule,
And to my selfe become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence.

Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules, may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his Princely semblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death:
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which greeues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widowe, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I
Then, being but moity of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plants and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aid you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments.
All springs reduce their currents to mine eies,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my dear Lo. Edward.

Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo: Clarence.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.

Qu. What stay had I but Edward, and he is gone?

Am. What stay had we but Clarence, and he is gone?

Dut. What staies had I but they, and they are gone?

Qu. Was neuer widow, had so deare a losse.

Ambo. Was euer Orphanets had a dearer losse?
Du. Was euer mother had a dearer losse?
Alas, I am the mother of these mones,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for Edward weepes, and so do I:
I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weepe, and so do I:
I for an Edward weepe, and so do they.
Alas, you three on me threefold distrest,
Proue all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Gloces*
Gl. Madame haue comfort, all of vs haue cause, *with others.*
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Madame my mother, I do cr'e you mercie,
I did not see your Grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.
Du. God blesse thee, and put meekenes in thy mind,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true dutie.
Glo. Amen, and make me die a good olde man.
Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing:
I maruell why her Grace did leaue it out?
Buck. You cloudy princes, and hart-sorrowing peeres,
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though wee haue spent our haruest for this King,
We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and ioynde together,
Must greatly be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept.
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.
Glo. Then be it so, and go we to determine,
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow:
Madame, and you my mother, will you go,
To giue your censures in this waightie businesse.
Aus. With all our hearts. *Exeunt. man. Glo. Buck.*

Buck.

Buck. My Lord, who euer iourneyes to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two be behinde:
For by the way Ile sort occasion,
As index to the story we lately talkt of,
To part the Queenes proude kindred from the King.
Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistorie,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cosen:
I like a child will go by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde.
Enter two Citizens.
1 *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.
1 Heare you the newes abroad?
2 I, that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes birlady, seldome comes the better,
I feare, I feare, twill proue a troublesome world. *Enter another Cit.*
3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.
Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?
1 It doth. 3 Then masters look to see a troublous world
1 No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.
3 Wo to that land thats gouernd by a childe.
2 In him there is a hope of gouernment,
That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
1 So stood the state when Harry the sixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at xi. moneths olde.
3 Stood the state so? no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famously enricht
With politike graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vnckles to protect his grace.
2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest:
Which touch vs all too neare, if God preuent not.
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Glocester,
And the Queenes kindred hautie and proude,

And were they to be rulde, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
2 Come, come, we feare the woorst, all shalbe wel.
3 When cloudes appeare, wise men put on their cloakes:
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sunne sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes, make men expect a dearth:
All may be well: but if God sort it so,
Tis more then we deserue or I expect.
1 Truelie the soules of men are full of bread:
Yee cannot almost reason with a man
That lookes not heauily, and full of feare.
3 Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see.
The waters swell before a boistrous storme:
But leaue it all to God: whither away?
2 We are sent for to the Iustice.
3 And so was I, Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*
Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Quee. young Yorke.
Car. Last night I heare they lay at Northhampton,
At stonistratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day, they will be here.
Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growen since last I saw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Hath almost ouertane him in his growth.
Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it so.
Dut. Why my yong Cozen it is good to growe.
Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My vnckle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Vnckle Gloucester,
Small herbes haue grace, great weedes grow apace,
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast:
Because sweete flowers are slowe, and weedes make haste.
Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold.
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,

So

So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if this were a true rule, he shoule be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vnckles grace a flout, mine.
That shoulde haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my pretie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marrie they say that my Vnckle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old:
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a pretie iest,
Dut. I pray thee pretie Yorke who told thee so?
Yor. Granam his nurse.
Dut. Why she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy, go to, you are too shrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angrie with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares.
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lo: Marques Dorset.
What newes Lo: Marques? *Enter Dorset.*
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as grecues me to vnfolde.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lo: Riuers and Lo: Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or what these nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay mee, I see the downefall of our house,
The tyger now hath ceazd the gentle hinde:
Insulting tyranny begins to iet,
Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and Massacre,

I see

I see as in a mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accurſed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eies beheld?
My husband loſt his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my ſonnes were toſt,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and loſſe,
And being ſeated, and domeſtike broiles
Cleane ouerblowne, themſelues the conquerours,
Make warre vpon themſelues, blood againſt blood,
Selfe againſt ſelfe, O prepoſterous
And frantike outrage, ende thy damned ſpleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to ſanctuarie.
Dut. Ile go along with you.
Qu. You haue no cauſe.
Car. My gracious Ladie go,
And thither beare your treaſure and your goods,
For my part, Ile reſigne vnto your Grace,
The ſeale I keepe, and ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours:
Come, Ile conduct you to the ſanctuarie. *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets ſound. Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Glo-
ceſter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c. (ber.

Buc. Welcome ſweete Prince to London to your cham-
Glo. Welcome deare Coſen my thoughts ſoueraigne,
The wearie way hath made you melancholie.
Prin. No vncle, but our croſſes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, weariſome, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeeres,
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you diſtinguiſh of a man.
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Thoſe Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their ſugred words,
But lookt not on the poyſon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends.

Pri.

Pri. God keepe me from falſe friends, but they were none.
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo.M. God bleſſe your grace, with health and happy daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my L. and thanke you all:
I thought my mother, and my brother Yorke
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a flug is Haſtings, that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. (*Enter L. Haſt.*
Buck. And in good time, here comes the ſweating Lord.
Pri. Welcome my Lord: what will our mother come?
Haſt. On what occaſion, God he knowes, not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke
Haue taken ſanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me, to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuiſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lo. Cardinall, will your grace
Perſwade the Queene to ſend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his princely brother preſently?
If ſhe denie, Lo. Haſtings go with him,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo: of Buckingham, if my weake oratory
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here: but if ſhe be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God in heauen forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy priuiledge
Of bleſſed ſanctuarie, not for all this land,
Would I be guiltie of ſo deepe a ſinne.
Buc. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate my Lo.
Too ceremonious and traditionall:
Weigh it but with the groſſeneſſe of this age
You breake not ſanctuarie in ſeazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings haue deſerued the place,
And thoſe who haue the wit to claime the place:
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deſerued it,
And therefore in mine opinion, cannot haue it.

Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of sanctuarie men,
But sanctuarie children neuer til' now.
Car. My Lo: you shall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on L: Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast. I go my Lord.
Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy hast you may:
Say Vnckle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it seemes best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may councell you, some day or two,
Your highnesse shall repose you at the tower:
Then where you please, and shalbe thought most fit,
For your best health and recreation.
Prin. I do not like the tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæsar build that place my Lord?
Buc. He did, my gratious L: begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.
Prin. Is it vpon record, or else reported
Successiuely from age to age he built it?
Buc. Vpon record my gratious Lo:
Prin. But say my Lo: it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retailde to all posterity,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wise, so young, they say, do neuer liue long.
Prin. What say you Vnckle?
Glo. I say without characters fame liues long:
Thus like the formall vice iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word.
Pri. That Iulius Cæsar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valure liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Cousen Buckingham.
Buc. What my gratious Lord?

Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile win our auncient right in France againe,
Or die a souldier as I liude a King.
Glo. Short summers lightly haue a forward spring.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time here comes the Duke of Yorke.
Pri. Rich. of Yorke, how fares our louing brother?
Yor. Well my dread Lo: so must I call you now.
Pri. I brother to our griefe as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiesty.
Glo. How fares our Cousen noble L. of Yorke?
Yor. I thanke you gentle Vnckle. O my Lo:
You said that Idle weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lo:
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire Cousen, I must not say so.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.
Yor. I pray you Vnckle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger litle Cousen, with all my heart.
Pri. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kinde Vnckle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no greefe to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cosen.
Yor. A greater gift, O that's the sword to it.
Glo. I gentle Cosen, were it light enough.
Yor. O thã I see you wil part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.
Glo. It is too waightie for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon litle Lord?
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Litle.
Pri. My Lo: of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vnckle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am litle like an ape,
He thinkes that you should beare me on yout shoulders.
Buc. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons
To mittigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle:
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe,
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along,
My selfe and my good Cousen Buckingham,
Will to your mother to entreate of her,
To meete you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you go vnto the tower my Lo?
Prin. My Lo: protector will haue it so.
Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the tower.
Glo. Why, what should you feare?
Yor. Mary my Vnckle Clarence angry ghost:
My Granam tolde me he was murdred there.
Prin. I feare no Vnckles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my L: with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, go I vnto the tower.
Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Dors. manet, Rich. Buc.
Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litle prating Yorke,
Was not incensed by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perillous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.
Buc. Well let them rest: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art sworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart,
Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkest thou? is it not an easie matter
To make William Lo: Hastings of our minde,
For the instalement of this noble Duke,
In the seate royall of this famous ile?

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
Buck. What thinkest thou then of Stanley, what will he?
Cat. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
Sound thou Lo: Hastings, how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, if he be willing,
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icie, cold vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold deuided counsels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be emploied.
Glo. Commend me to Lo: William, tell him Catesby,
His auncient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let bloud at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,
Giue Mistresse Shore, one gentle kisse the more.
Buc. Good Catesby effect this businesse soundly.
Cat. My good Lo: both, withall the heed I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we sleepe?
Cat. You shall my Lord.
Glo. At Crobsby place there shall you finde vs both.
Buc. Now my Lo: what shall we do, if we perceiue
William Lo: Hastings will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, somewhat we will do,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford, and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother stood possest.
Buc. Ile claime that promise at your graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingnesse:
Come let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme. *Exeunt.*
Enter a messenger to Lo: Hastings.
Mess. What ho my Lord.
Hast. Who knocks at the dore?
Mes. A messenger from the Lo: Stanley. *Enter L: Hast.*

UNDER BRITISH MUSEUM

Haſt. Whats a clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maiſter ſleepe the tedious nights?
Meſſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:
Firſt he commends him to your noble Lordſhip.
Haſt. And then. *Meſ.* And then he ſends you word,
He dreamt to night the beare had raſte his helme:
Beſides, he ſaies there are two councels held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rewe at the other,
Therefore he ſends to know yout Lordſhips pleaſure:
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeede poſt into the North,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoule diuines.
Haſt. Go fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the ſeparated councels:
His honour and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my ſeruant Catesby:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligence.
Tel him his feares are ſhallow, wanting inſtancie.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is ſo fond,
To truſt the mockery of vnquiet ſlumbers,
To flie the boare, before the boare purſues vs,
Were to incenſe the boare to follow vs,
And make purſuite where he did meane no chaſe:
Go bid thy maiſter riſe and come to me,
And we will both togither to the tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the boare will vſe vs kindly.
Meſ. My gratious Lo: Ile tell him what you ſay. *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lo:
Haſt. Good morrow Catesby, you are early ſtirring,
What newes what newes, in this our tottering ſtate?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeed my Lo:
And I beleeue it will neuer ſtand vpright,
Till Richard weare the garland of the Realme.
Haſt. How? weare the garland? doeſt thou meane the crowne?
Cat. I my good Lord.

Haſt. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my ſhoulders
Ere I will ſee the crowne ſo foule miſplaſte:
But canſt thou gueſſe that he doth aime at it.
Cat. Vpon my life my Lo: and hopes to find you forward
Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes,
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene muſt die at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voice on Richards ſide,
To barre my maiſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gratious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelue month hence,
That they who brought me in my Maiſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I tell thee Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gratious Lord,
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O Monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo falls it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray, and ſo twill doo
With ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knoweſt are deare
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they do, and I haue well deſerued it.
Enter Lord Stanley.
What my L: where is your boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the boare and go ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My Lo: good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may ieſt on: but by the holy roode.
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels I.
Haſt. My Lo: I holde my life as deare as you do y ours,
And neuer in my life I do proteſt,

Was

Was it more pretious to me then it is now:
Thinke you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?
Stan. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London,
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,
And they indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee how ſoone the day ouercaſt,
This ſodaine ſcab of rancour I miſdoubt,
Pray God, I ſay, I proue a needleſſe coward:
But come my Lo: ſhall we to the tower?
Haſt. I go: but ſtay, heare you not the newes,
This day thoſe men you talkt of, are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then ſome that haue accuſde them weare their hat,:
But come my Lo: let vs away. *Enter Haſt. a Purſiuant.*
Haſt. Go you before, I le follow preſently.
Haſt. Well met Haſtings, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better that it pleaſe your Lo: to aske.
Haſt. I tell thee fellow tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee laſt where now we meete:
Then was I going priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your honors good content.
Haſt. Gramercy Haſtings, hold ſpend thou that: *He giues*
Pur. God ſaue your Lordſhip. *(hims his purſe.*
Haſt. What ſir Iohn you are well met, *(Enter a Prieſt.*
I am beholding to you for your laſt daies exerciſe:
Come the next ſabaoth, and I will content you. *He whiſ-*
Enter Buckingham. *(in his eare.*
Buc. How now Lo: Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the prieſt (prieſt,
Your honour hath no ſhriuing worke in hand.
Haſt. Good faith and when I met this holy man,
Thoſe men you talke of came into my minde:
What, go you to the tower my Lord?

Buck.

Buc. I do, but long I ſhall not ſtay,
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip thence.
Haſt. Tis like enough, for I ſtay dinner there.
Buc. And ſupper too, although thou knoweſt it not:
Come ſhall we go along? *Exeunt.*
Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers,
Gray, and Vaughan, priſoners.
Ratl. Come bring forth the priſoners.
Riu. Sir Richard Ratliffe let me tell thee this:
To day ſhalt thou behold a ſubiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyaltie.
Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned bloudſuckers.
Riu. O Pomfret, Pomfret, Oh thou bloudie priſon,
Fatall and dominious to noble peeres.
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walls
Richard the ſecond here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſcule,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe blouds to drinke.
Gray. Now Margarets curſe is falne vpon our heads:
For ſtanding by, when Richard ſtabd her ſonne:
Riu. Then curſt ſhe Haſtings, then curſt ſhe Buckingham:
Then curſt ſhe Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her praiers for them as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter, and her princely ſonne:
Be ſatiſfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.
Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the limit of your lines is out.
Riu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaue vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*
Enter the Lords to Councell.
Haſt. My Lords, at once the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation:
In Gods name ſay, when is this royall day?
Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?
Dar. It is, and wants but nomination.
Riu. To morrow then, I gueſſe a happie time.
Buc. Who knowes the Lord protectors mind herein?

Who is moſt inward with the noble Duke?
Bi. Why you my Lo: me thinkes you ſhould ſooneſt know
Buc. Who I my Lo? we know each others faces: (his mind
But for our harts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine:
Lo: Haſtings, you and he are neere in loue.
Haſt. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpoſe in the coronation:
I haue not ſounded him, nor he deliuerd
His Graces pleaſure any way therein:
But you my noble Lo: may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe, Ile giue my voice,
Which I preſume he will take in gentle part.
Biſh. Now in good time here comes the Duke himſelfe.
Glo. My noble L. and Coſens all, good morrow, (*En. Glo.*
I haue bene long a ſleeper, but now I hope
My abſence doth neglect no great deſignes,
Which by my preſence might haue bene concluded.
Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lo:
William L. Haſtings had now pronounſt your part:
I meane your voice for crowning of the King.
Glo. Then my L. Haſtings no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and loues me well.
Haſt. I thanke your Grace.
Glo. My L. of Elie, *Biſh.* My Lo:
Glo. When I was laſt in Holborne,
I ſaw good ſtrawberries in your garden there,
I do beſeech you ſend for ſome of them.
Biſh. I go my Lord.
Glo. Coſen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath ſounded Haſtings in our buſineſſe,
And findes the teſty Gentleman ſo hot,
As he will looſe his head ere giue conſent,
His Maiſters ſonne as worſhipfull he termes it,
Shall looſe the royalty of Englands throane.
Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Gl.*
Dar. We haue not yet ſet downe this day of triumph,
To morrow in mine opinion is too ſoone:

For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided, *Enter. B.*
As elſe I would be, were the day prolonged. *of Ely.*
By. Where is my L. protector, I haue ſent for theſe ſtrawbe-
Ha. His Grace lookes cheerfully and ſmooth to day, (ries.
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit.
I thinke there is neuer a man in chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewen it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay. *Enter Glo.*
Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue,
That do conſpire my death with diuelliſh plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild,
Vpon my bodie with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lo:
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death.
Glo. Then be your eies the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that Edwards wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet Shore,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my gratious Lo:
Glo. If, thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
Telſt thou me of iffes? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paule,
I will not dine to day I ſweare,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Ha. Wo wo for England, not a whit for me: *Cat. with Ha.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,

But I diſdaind it, and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day, my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartled when he lookt vpon the tower,
As loth to beare me to the ſlaughterhouſe.
Oh, now I want the Prieſt that ſpake to me,
I now repent I told the Purſiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies:
How they at Pomfret bloudily were butcherd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curſe,
Is lighted on poore Haſtings wretched head.
Cat. Diſpatch my Lo: the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
Liues like a drunken ſayler on a maſt,
Readie with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſhalbe dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Gloſter and Buckingham in armor.

Glo. Come Coſen, canſt thou quake and change thy colour?
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and ſtop againe,
As if thou wert diſtraught and mad with terror.
Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfait the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery ſide:
Intending deepe ſuſpition, gaſtly lookes
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſmiles,
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems. *Enter Maior.*
Glo. Here comes the Maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lo: Mai.
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent for you,
Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the walls.

Buck. Harke, I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs. *Enter Catesby*
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby. *with Haſt. head.*
Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The daungerous and vnſuſpected Haſtings.
Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I muſt weepe:
I tooke him for the plaineſt harmeleſſe man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Chriſtian,
Looke ye my Lo: Maior.
Made him my booke, wherein my ſoule recorded,
The hiſtory of all her ſecret thoughts:
So ſmoothe he daubd his vice with ſhew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:
I meane his conuerſation with Shores wife,
He laid from all attainder of ſuſpect. (traitor
Buck. Well well, he was the couertſt ſheltred
That euer liu'd, wold you haue imagined,
Or almoſt beleeue, wert not by great preſeruatiō
We liue to tell it you? The ſubtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the councell houſe,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloceſter.
Maior. What, had he ſo?
Glo. What thinke you we are Turks or Infidels,
Or that we would againſt the forme of lawe,
Proceed thus raſhly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the caſe,
The peace of England, and our perſons ſafety
Inforſt vs to this execution?
Ma. Now faire befal you, he deſerued his death,
And you my good Lo: both, haue well proceeded
To warne falſe traitours from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Miſtreſſe Shore.
Dut. Yet had not we determined he ſhould die,
Vntill your Lordſhip came to ſee his death,
Which now the longing haſte of theſe our friends
Somewhat againſt our meaning haue preuented,

Becauſe,my Lord,we would haue had you heard
The traitor ſpeake,and timerouſly confeſſe
The maner,and the purpoſe of his treaſon,
That you might well haue ſignified the ſame
Vnto the Citizens,who happily may
Miſconſter vs in him,and wayle his death.
Ma. But my good Lord,your graces word ſhall ſerue
As well as I had ſeene or heard him ſpeake,
And doubt you not,right noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint your dutious citizens,
With all your iuſt proceedings in this cauſe.
Glo. And to that end we wiſht your Lordſhip here,
To auoide the carping cenſures of the world.
Buc. But ſince you come too late of our intents,
Yet witneſſe what we did intend,and ſo my Lord adue.
Glo. After,after,coſen Buckingham. *Exit Maior.*
The Maior towards Guildhall hies him in all poſt,
There at your meetſt aduantage of the time,
Inferre the baſtardy of Edwards children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a Cittizen,
Onely for ſaying he would make his ſonne
Heire to the Crowne,meaning (indeed) his houſe,
Which by the ſigne thereof was termed ſo.
Moreouer,vrge his hatefull luxurie,
And beſtiall appetite in change of luſt,
Which ſtretched to their ſeruants,daughters,wiues,
Euen where his luſtfull eye, or ſauage heart
Without controllNifted to make his prey:
Nay for a needе thus farre,come neere my perſon,
Tell them,when that my mother went with childe
Of that vnſatiate Edward,noble Yorke,
My princely father then had warres in France,
And by iuſt computation of the time,
Found,that the iſſue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this ſparingly as it were farre off,
Becauſe you know,my Lord,my mother liues.

Buc.

Buc. Feare not,my Lord,Ile play the Orator,
As if the golden fee for which I pleade
Were for my ſelfe.
Glo. If you thriue well,bring them to baynards Caſtle,
Where you ſhall finde me well accompanied,
With reuerend fathers and well learned Biſhops.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guildhall affordeth,and ſo my Lord farewell.
Glo. Now will I in to take ſome priuie order, *Exit Buc.*
To draw the brats of Clarence out of ſight,
And to giue notice that no maner of perſon
At any time haue recourſe vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.

This is the indictment of the good Lord Haſtings,
Which in a ſet hand fairely is engroſſt.
That it may be this day read ouer in Paules:
And marke how well the ſequell hangs togither,
Eleuen houres I ſpent to write it ouer.
For yeſternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The preſident was full as long a dooing,
And yet within theſe fiue houres liued Lord Haſtings,
Vntaynted,vnexamined,free,at liberty:
Heres a good world,the while. Why whoes ſo groſſe
That ſees not this palpable deuice?
Yet whoſe ſo blinde but ſayes he ſees it not?
Bad is the world,and all will come to naught,
When ſuch bad dealing muſt be ſene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Gloſter at one dore,Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord,what ſay the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme,and ſpeake not a word.
Glo. Toucht you the baſtardy of Edwards children?
Buc. I did,with the inſatiate greedineſſe of his deſires,
His tyranny for trifles,his owne baſtardy,
As being got,your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lienaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in your forme and nobleneſſe of minde.

Laid

Laid open all your victories in Scotland:
Your discipline in war, wisedome in peace:
Your bounty, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeede left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse:
And when mine oratorie grew to an end,
I bid them that did loue their countries good,
Crie, God saue Richard, Englands royall King.
Glo. A, and did they so?
Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathing stones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And askt the Maior what meant this wilfull silence?
His answere was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus, saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurld vp their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God saue King Richard.
Thankes louing Citizens and friends, quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisedomes and your loue to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongleſſe blocks were they, would they not,
Buc. No by my troth my Lo: (speake?
Glo. Will not the Maior then, and his brethren come.
Glo. The Maior is here at hand, and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie suite:
And looke you get a praier booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen good my Lo:
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:
Be not easie wonne to our request:
Play the maides part, say no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee, for my selfe,

No doubt weele bring it to a happie issue.
Buc. You shal see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. *Ex.*
Now my Lord Maior, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall. *Enter Catesby.*
Here comes his seruant: how now Catesby what saies he?
Cates. My Lord, he doth intreate your grace
To visit him to morrow or next day,
He is within with two right reuerend fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly sute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Cittizens,
In deepe designes and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue some conference with his grace.
Cates. Ile tell him what you say my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a leaud day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dalying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull soule.
Happie were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himselfe the soueraignrie thereon,
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.
Mai. Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay.
Buc. I feare he will, how now Catesby, *Ent. Cates.*
What saies your Lord?
Cates. My Lord he wonders to what end, you haue assembled
Such troupes of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before,
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sorie I am my noble Cosen should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit Catesby.*

When holie and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich. with two Bishops aloft.

Maior. See where he stands betweene two clergie men.
Buck. Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince.
To stay him from the fall of vanitie,
Famous Plantagenet, most gratious Prince,
Lend fauourable eares to my request,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no such apologie,
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends,
But leauing this, what is your graces pleasure?
Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaseth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouerned Ile.
Glo. I do suspect I haue done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Cities eies,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buc. You haue my Lord, would it please your grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land?
Buc. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The supreame seat, the throne maiesticall,
The sceptred office of your auncestors,
The lineall glorie of your royall house,
To the corruption of a blemisht stocke:
Whilest in the mildnesse of you sleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our countries good,
This noble Ile doth want her proper limbes,
Her face defac't with stars of infamie,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulnesse and darke oblivion,
Which to recure we hartily solicit,
Your gracious selfe to take on yon the soueraignty thereof,
Not as Protector steward substitute,

Or lowlie factor for anothers gaine:
But as succeſſiuely from bloud to bloud,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this consorted with the Citizens
Your very worshipfull and louing friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust sute come I to mooue your grace.
Glo. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunnes your high request,
First if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the crowne,
As my right reuenew and dew by birth,
Yet so much is my pouerty of spirit,
So mightie and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
Beeing a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smotherd:
But God be thanked theres no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seate of maiestie,
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I lay what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie stars,
Which God defend that I shuld wring from him.
Buc. My lord, this argues cõscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered:
You say, that Edward is your brothers sonne,
So say we too, but not by Edwards wife,
For first he was contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues a witnesse to that vowe,
And afterward by substitute betrothed

To *Bona* ſiſter to the King of France,
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widow,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt daies
Made priſe and purchaſe of his luſtfull eye,
Seduc't the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To baſe declenſion and loathd bigamie,
By her in his vnlawfull bed he got.
This Edward whom our maners terme the prince
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue
I giue a ſparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to bleſſe vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,
From the corruption of abuſing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued courſe.
Mai. Do good my Lord, your Cittizens entreat you.
Cates. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſute.
Glo. Alas, why would you heape thoſe cares on me,
I am vnfit for ſtate and dignitie,
I do beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buc. If you refuſe it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the child your brothers ſonne,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle kinde effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And egallie indeed to all eſtates,
Yet whether you accept our ſute or no,
Your brothers ſonne ſhall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant ſome other in the throane,
To the diſgrace and downfull of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you,
Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat no more.
Glo. O do not ſweare my Lord of Buckingham,

Cateſ. Call them againe, my lord, and accept their ſute.
Ano. Do, good my lord, leaſt all the land do rew it.
Glo. Would you inforce me to a world of care:
Well, call them againe, I am not made of ſtones,
But penetrable to your kinde intreates,
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoule.
Coſen of Buckingham, and you ſage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare her burthen whether I will or no,
I muſt haue patience to indure the lode,
But if blacke ſcandale or foule-fac't reproach
Attend the ſequell of your impoſition,
Your meere inforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtaines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from the deſire thereof.
Mai. God bleſſe your grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.
Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buc. Then I ſalute you with this kingly title:
Long liue Richard, Englands royall king.
Mai. Amen.
Buc. To morrow will it pleaſe you to be crown'd.
Glo. Euen when you will, ſince you will haue it ſo.
Buc. To morrow then we will attend your grace.
Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good coſen, farwell gentle friends.
Enter Queene mother, Ducheſſe of Yorke, Marques Dorſet, at one doore, Ducheſſe of Gloſter at another doore.
Du. Who meets vs heere, my neece Plantagenet?
Qu. Siſter well met, whether away ſo faſt?
Du. No farther then the Tower, and as I gueſſe
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
Qu. Kind ſiſter thanks, weele enter all togither, *Enter*
And in good time here the Liuetenant comes. *Lieutenant.*
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
Lie. Well Madam, and in health, but by your leaue,

I may not ſuffer you to viſit him,
The king hath ſtraightlie charged the contrarie.
Qu. The king? whie, whoſe that?
Lieu. I crie you mercie, I meane the Lord protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kinglie title:
Hath he ſet bounds betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who ſhould keepe me from them?
I am their father, Mother, and will ſee them.
Duch. Glo. Their aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:
Then feare not thou. Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I doo beſeech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not do it. *Enter. L. Stanlie.*
Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And Ile ſalute your grace of Yorke, as Mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you muſt go with me to Weſtminſter,
There to be crowned Richards royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in ſunder, that my pent heart
May haue ſome ſcope to beate, or elſe ſound,
With this dead killing newes.
Dor. Madame, haue comfort, how fares your grace?
Qu. O Dorſet, ſpeake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and deſtruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outſtrip death, go croſſe the ſeas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Go hie thee, hie thee, from this ſlaughter houſe,
Leaſt thou increaſe the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curſſe,
Nor mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſell Madam,
Take all the ſwift aduantage of the time,
You ſhall haue letters from me to my ſonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwiſe delay.
Duch. Yor. O ill diſperſing winde of miſerie,
O my accurſed wombe, the bed of death,

A Coca-

A Cocatrice haſt thou hatcht to the world,
Whoſe vnauoided eie is murtherous.
Stan. Come Madam, I in all haſte was ſent.
Duch. And I in all vnwillingneſſe will go,
I would to God that the incluſiue verge,
Of golden mettall that muſt round my browe,
Were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me to the braine,
Annointed let me be with deadly poiſon,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſaue the Queene.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not the glorie,
To feede my humer, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Duch. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries courſe,
When ſcarce the bloud was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angel husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then, I weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo young, ſo olde a widow,
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be ſo madde,
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Groſſelie grew captiue to his honie words,
And prou'd the ſubiectes of my owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept my eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of ſleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I pittie thy complaints.
Duch. Glo. No more then from my ſoule I mourne for yours.
Qu. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.
Duch. Glo. Adue poore ſoule, thou takſt thy leaue of it.
Du. Yor. Go thou to Richmond, & good fortune guide thee.

Go

Go thou to Richard, and good Angels garde thee,
Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie odde yeares of sorrow haue I seene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Cosen of Buckingham,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he ascendeth the throne.*
Thus high by thy aduice
And thy assistance is king Richard seated:
But shall we weare these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we reioice in them?

Buc. Still liue they, and for for euer may they last.

King Ri. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Young Edward liues: thinke now what I would say.

Buc. Say on my gratious soueraigne.

King. Why buckingham, I say I would be king.

Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowmed liege.

King. Ha: am I king? tis so, but Edward liues.

Buc. True noble Prince.

King. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should liue true noble prince.
Cosen, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddenly performde.
What saist thou? speake suddenly be breefe.

Buc. Your grace may do your pleasure.

King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freeseth,
Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?

Buc. Giue me some breath, some little pause my Lord,
Before I positiuelie speake herein:
I will resolue your grace immediatlie.

Cates. The King is angrie, see, he bites the lip.

King. I will conuerse with iron witted fooles
And vnrespectiue boies, none are for me
That looke into me with considerate eies:

Boy,

Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Boy. My Lord.

King. Knowest thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.

Boy. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Golde were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name?

Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.

King. Go call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde
And stops he now for breath? *Enter Darby.*
How now, What newes with you?

Darby. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad,
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne gentleman,
Whom I will marrie straight to Clarence daughter.
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marrie her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in bloud, that sin plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye. *Enter Tirrel.*
Is thy name Tirrell.

Tir. James Tirrell and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?
Tir. Proue me my gracious ſoueraigne,
King. Darſt thou reſolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
King. Why there thou haſt it two deepe enemies,
Foes to my reſt, and my ſweet ſleepes diſturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane thoſe baſtards in the tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And ſoone ile rid you from the feare of them.
Kin. Thou ſingſt ſweet muſicke. Come hither *Tirrell*,
Go by that token, riſe and lend thine eare, *He whiſpers in his*
Tis no more but ſo, ſay is it done, *eare.*
And I will loue thee and prefer thee too.
Tir. Tis done my gracious lord.
King. Shall we heare from thee *Tirrel*, ere we ſleep? *Ex. Buc.*
Tir. Ye ſhall my Lord.
Buc. My lord, I haue conſidered in my mind,
The late demaund that you did ſound me in.
King. Well, let that paſſe, Dorſet is fled to Richmond.
Buc. I heare that newes my lord.
King. *Stanley* he is your wiues ſonnes. Well looke to it.
Buc. My lord, I claime your gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which your promiſed I ſhould poſſeſſe.
King. *Stanley* looke to your wife, if ſhe conuey
Letters to Richmond you ſhall anſwere it.
Buc. What ſaies your highneſſe to my iuſt demand?
King. As I remember, Henrie the ſixt
Did prophecie that Richmond ſhould be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuiſh boy,
A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My lord.
King. How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I ſhould kill him.
Buck. My lord, your promiſe for the Earledome.
Kin. Richmond, when laſt I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curteſie ſhewed me the Caſtle,

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I ſtarted,
Becauſe a Bard of Ireland tolde me once
I ſhould not liue long after I ſaw Richmond.
Buc. My lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promiſd me.
King. Well, but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the ſtroke of ten.
King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepeſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
Ki. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vain. *Exit.*
Buck. Is it euen ſo, rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him king for this?
O let me thinke on Haſtings, and begone
To Brecnock while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The moſt arch-act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forreſt whom I did ſubborne,
To do this ruthleſſe peece of butcherie,
Although they were fleſht villains, bloudie dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and kind compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories.
Lo thus quoth Dighton laie thoſe tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forreſt girdling on another
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
Which in their ſummer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forreſt almoſt changd my minde,
But ô the diuel: there the villaine ſtopt,
Whileſt Dighton thus told on we ſmothered

The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framed,
Thus both are gone with conſcience and remorſe,
They could not ſpeake and ſo I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloudie king. *Enter Ki. Rich.*
And here he comes, all haile my ſoueraigne liege.
King. Kind Tirrell am I happie in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you giue in charge,
Beget your happineſſe, be happie then
For it is done my Lord.
King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle Tirrell?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the tower hath buried them.
But how or in what place I do not know.
Tir. Come to me Tirrell ſoone at after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good.
And be inheritor of thy deſire. *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of Clarence haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanelie haue I matcht in marriage,
The ſonnes of Edward ſleepe in Abrahams boſome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world godnight,
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I go a iollie thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad, that thou comeſt in ſo bluntly?
Cateſ. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to Richmond.
And Buckingham backt with the hardie Welchmen,
Is in the field, and ſtill his power increaſeth.
King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his raſh leuied armie:
Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitour to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnaile-paſt beggerie,
Then fierie expedition be my wing,

Ioues Mercurie and Herald for a King?
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be briefe when traitors braue the field. *Exeunt.*
Enter Queene Margaret ſola.
Q. Mar. So now proſperitie begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death:
Here in theſe confines ſlilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am I witneſſe to,
And will to France, hoping the conſequence
Will prooue as bitter, blacke and tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here?
Enter the Qu. and the Ducheſſe of Yorke.
Qu. Ah my young princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing ſweets,
If yet your gentle ſoules flie in the ayre
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your aierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, ſay that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.
Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flie from ſuch gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the wolfe:
When didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deede was done?
Qu. Mar. When holie *Harry* died, and my ſweet ſonne.
Duch. Blind ſight, dead life, poore mortall liuing ghoſt,
Woes ſceane, worlds ſhame, graues due by life vſurpt,
Reſt thy vnreſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfullie made drunke with innocents bloud.
Qu. O that thou woludſt as well affoord a graue,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholie ſeate,
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here:
O who hath any cauſe to mourne but I!
Duc. So many miſeries haue crazd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q Mar. If auncient ſorrow be moſt reuerend,
Giue mine the benefite of ſignorie,

And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If ſorrow can admit ſocietie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine,
I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him:
I had a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadſt an Edward, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadſt a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou diſt kill him:
I had a Rutland too, thou hopſt to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadſt a Clarence too, till Richard kild him:
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hel-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle blouds,
That foule defacer of Gods handie worke,
Thy wombe let looſe, to ehaſe vs to our graues,
O vpright, iuſt, and true diſpoſing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall curre,
Praies on the iſſue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.
Duc. O, Harries wife, triumh not in my woes,
God witneſſe with me, I haue wept for thee.
Q. Ma. Beare with me, I am hungrie for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it,
Thy Edward, he is dead, that ſtabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote becauſe both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſſe:
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimely ſmothred in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reſerued their factor to buie ſoules,
And ſend them thither, but at hand at hand,
Enſues his piteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiendes roare, ſaintes pray,
To haue him ſuddenly conueied away.

Cancell his bond of life, deare God I pray,
That I may liue to ſay, the dog is dead.
Qu. O thou didſt prophecie the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to helpe me curſſe,
That botteld ſpider, that foule hunch-backt toade.
Q. Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flouriſh of my fortune,
I cald thee then, poore ſhadow, painted Queene,
The preſentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heaued a high, to be hurld downe belowe,
A mother onely, mockt with two ſweete babes,
A dreame of which thou wert a breath, a bubble,
A ſigne of dignitie, a gariſh flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the ſceane,
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to thee, and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happie wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow,
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name,
For Queene, a very Catiue crownd with care,
For one being ſued too, one that humblie ſues,
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none,
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcornd of me,
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but, a very pray to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou were,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not,
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow,
Now thy proude necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I ſlip my wearie necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes, will make me ſmile in France.

Qu. O thou well skild in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Qu. Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the nights and faſt the daies,
Compare dead happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fouler then he is,
Bettring thy loſſe makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curſe.
Q. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Q. M. Thy woes wil make them ſharp, & pierce like mine.
Du. Why ſhould calamitie be full of words? *Exit Mar.*
Qu. Windie attornies to your Client woes,
Aerie ſucceeders of inteſtate ioies,
Poore breathing Orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they do impart,
Helpe not at all, yet do they eaſe the heart.
Duc. If ſo, then be not toong-tide, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets ſmother
My damned ſonne, which thy two ſweet ſonnes ſmotherd,
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard marching with drummes and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Duch. A ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters wretch, that thou haſt done.
Qu. Hidſt thou that forehead with a golden crowne
Where ſhould be grauen, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owed that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two ſonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, where are my children?
Duch. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his ſonne?
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?*
King. A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed: Strike I ſay. *The trumpets ſound.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,

Or with the clamorous report of war:
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Du. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thank God, my father and your ſelfe,
Du. Then patiently heare my impatience.
Kin. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Du. I will be mild and gentle in my ſpeech.
Kin. And briefe good mother for I am in haſt.
Du. Art thou ſo haſtie I haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie.
King. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Du. No by the holy roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greeuous burthen was thy byrth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy ſchoole-daies frightful, deſperate, wilde, and furious:
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous:
Thy age confirmed, proud, ſubtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canſt thou name
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
Ki. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakefaſt once forth of my companie,
If it be ſo diſgratious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Du. O heare me ſpeake, for I ſhall neuer ſee the more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Du. Either thou wilt die by Gods juſt ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age ſhall periſh,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe.
Therefore take with thee my moſt heauie curſe,
Which in the day of battaile tire thee more,
Then all the compleat armor that thou wearſt,
My praiers on the aduerſe partie fight,
And there the little ſoules of Edwards children,
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſſe and victorie,

Bloudie thou art, bloudie will be thy end,
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit*
Qu. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to all.
King. Stay Madam, I muſt ſpeake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more ſonnes of the royall bloud,
For thee to murther, for my daughters Richard,
They ſhalbe praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.
Qu. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her liue!
And ile corrupt her manners, ſtaine her beautie,
Slander my ſelfe as falſe to Edwards bed,
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So ſhe may liue vnskard from bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſſe ſhe was not Edwards daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royall bloud.
Qu. To ſaue her life, ile ſay ſhe is not ſo.
King. Her life is onlie ſafeſt in her birth.
Qu. And onelie in that ſafetie died her brothers.
King. Lo at their births good ſtars were oppoſite.
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrarie.
King. All vnauoided is the doome of deſtinie.
Qu. True, when auoided grace makes deſtinie,
My babes were deſtinde to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life. (armes
K. Madam, ſo thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hoſtile
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.
Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be diſcouerd that can do me good.
King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.
Qu. Vp to ſome ſcaffold, there to looſe their heads.
Kin. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glorie.
Qu. Flatter my ſorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what ſtate, what dignitie, what honor?

Canſt

Canſt thou demiſe to any child of mine.
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my ſelfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angrie ſoule,
Thou drowne the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be breefe, leaſt that the proceſſe of thy kindneſſe,
Laſt longer telling then thy kindneſſe doo.
K. Then know that from my ſoule I loue thy daughter.
Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her ſoule.
King. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doſt loue my daughter from thy ſoule,
So from thy ſoules loue didſt thou her brothers,
And from my hearts loue I do thanke thee for it.
King. Be not ſo haſtie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my ſoule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Say then, who doſt thou meane ſhall be her king?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madame?
Qu. How canſt thou woo her?
King. That would I learne of you.
As one that are beſt acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
Kin. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers,
A paire of bleeding hearts thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happelie ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her as ſometimes Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe ſteept in Rutlands blood
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtorie of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou madeſt away her Vnckle Clarence,
Her Vnckle Riuers, yea and for her ſake
Madeſt quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne.
King. Come, come, you mocke me, this is not the way,

To win your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
King. Infer faire Englands peace by this alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting war.
King. Say that the king which may commaund intreats.
Qu. That at her hands, which the kings king forbid.
King. Say ſhe ſhalbe a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall her ſweet life laſt?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
King. Say I her ſoueraigne am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loaths ſuch ſoueraigntie.
King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being plainly told.
King. Then in plaine termes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honeſt is too harſh a ſtile.
King. Madam your reaſons are too ſhallow & too quicke
Qu. O no, my reaſons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue.
King. Harpe on it ſtill ſhal I, till hartſtrings breake.
King. Now by my George, my Garter and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophand, diſhonourd, and the third vſurped.
King. I ſweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George prophand, hath loſt his holy honor:
The Garter blemiſht, pawnd his knightlie vertue:
The crowne vſurpt, diſgrac't his kinglie dignitie,
If ſomething thou wilt ſweare to be beleeude.
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrongd.
King. Now by the world,
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

King. My

King. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy life hath that diſhonord.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt.
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all,
If thou hadſt feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the king my brother made,
Had not bene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt feard to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettall circling now thy brow,
Had graſt the tender temples of my childe,
And both the Princes had bene breathing here,
Which now, two tender play-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith, hath made a praie for wormes.
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrongd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe, haue many teares to waſh,
Hereafter time, for time, by the paſt wrongd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtred,
Vngouernd youth, to waile it in their age,
The parents liue, whoſe children thou haſt butcherd,
Old withered plants, to waile it with their age,
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſuſed, eare vſed, by time miſuſed orepaſt.
King. As I intend to proſper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hoſtile armes, my ſelfe, my ſelfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy reſt,
Be oppoſite, all planets of good lucke,
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculate deuocion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her conſiſts my happineſſe and thine,
Without, her followes to this land and me,
To thee, her ſelfe, and many a Chriſtian ſoule,
Sad deſolation, ruine, and decaie,
It cannot be auoyded but by this,

It will not be auoided but by this:
Therefore good mother (I muſt call you ſo,)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue bene,
Not by deſerts, but what I will deſerue,
Vrge the neceſſitie and ſtate of times,
And be not peeuiſh; fond in great deſignes.
Qu. Shal I be tempted of the diuell thus?
King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to doo good.
Q. Shall I forget my ſelfe, to be my ſelfe.
King. I, if your ſelfes remembrance, wrong your ſelfe.
Qu. But thou didſt kill my children.
King. But in your daughters wombe, I buried them,
Where in that neſt of ſpicerie they ſhall breed,
Selfes of themſelues, to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I go winne my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happie mother by the deede.
Qu. I goe, write to me very ſhortlie.
Kin. Beare her my true loues kiſſe, farewel *Exit.*
Relenting foole, and ſhallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious ſoueraigne, on the weſterne coaſt,
Rideth a puiſſant Nauie. To the ſhore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow harted friends,
Vnarmd, and vnreſolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall,
And there thy hull, expecting but the aide,
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a ſhore.
King. Some light-foote friend, poſt to the Duke of Norff.
Ratcliffe thy ſelfe, or Catesbie, where is he?
Cat. Here my Lord.
King. Flie to the Duke, poſt thou to Salisburie,
When thou comeſt there, dull vnmindfull villaine,
Why ſtandſt thou ſtill? and goeſt not to the Duke.
Cat. Firſt mightie ſoueraigne, let me know your minde,
What from your grace, I ſhall deliuer them.
King. O, true good Catesbie, bid him leuie ſtraight,
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can make,
And meete me preſentlie at Salisburie.

Rat. What is it your hignes pleaſure, I ſhal do at Salibury?
King. Why, what wouldſt thou do there before I go?
Rat. Your highneſſe told me I ſhould poſt before.
Kin. My mind is changd ſir, my minde is changd.
How now, what newes with you?

Enter Darbie.

Dar. None good my Lord, to pleaſe you with the hearing,
Nor none ſo bad, but it may well be told.
King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why doeſt thou runne ſo many mile about,
When thou maiſt tell thy tale a nearer way.
Once more, what newes?
Dar. Richmond is on the ſeas.
King. There let him ſinke, and be the ſeas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doth he there?
Dar. I know not mightie ſoueraigne, but by gueſſe.
King. Well ſir, as you gueſſe, as you gueſſe.
Dar. Stird vp by Dorſet, Buckingham and Elie,
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.
King. Is the chaire Emptie? is the ſword vnſwaied?
Is the king dead? the empire vnpoſſeſt?
What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?
And who is Englands king, but great Yorkes heire?
Then tell me, what doeth he vpon the ſea?
Dar. Vnleſſe for that my liege, I cannot gueſſe.
King. Vnleſſe for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſſe, wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.
King. Where is thy power then, to beate him backe?
Where are thy tennants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne ſhore?
Safe conducting, the rebels from their ſhips.
Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
King. Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the North?
When they ſhould ſerue, their ſoueraigne in the Weſt.
Dar. They haue not bin commaunded, mightie ſoueraigne.
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,

Ile muſter vp my friends and meete your grace,
Where, and what time, your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe.
King. I, I, thou wouldſt be gone to ioyne with Richmond,
I will not truſt you Sir.
Dar. Moſt mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be falſe.
King. Well, go muſter men, but heere you, leaue behinde,
Your ſonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme,
Or elſe, his heads aſſurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I prooue true to you.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My gracious ſoueraigne, now in Deuonſhire,
As I by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many mo confiderates, are in armes.

Enter an other Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Liege, in Kent the Guilfordes are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors,
Flocke to their aide, and ſtill their power increaſeth.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.

He ſtriketh him.

King. Out on you owles, nothing but ſongs of death.
Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.
Meſ. Your grace miſtakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by ſudden floud, and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckinghams armie is diſperſt and ſcattered,
And he himſelfe fled, no man knowes whither.
King. O I crie you mercie, I did miſtake,
Ratcliffe reward him, for the blow I gaue him,
Hath any well aduiſed friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckingham.
Meſ. Such proclamation hath bene made my liege.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir Thomas Louel, and Lord Marques Dorſet,
Tis ſaid my Liege, are vp in armes,

Yet

Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Brittaine nauie is diſperſt, Richmond in Dorſhire
Sent out a boate to aske them on the ſhore,
If they were his aſſiſtants yea, or no:
Who anſwered him, they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partie, he miſtrufting them,
Hoiſt ſaile, and made away for Brittaine.
King. March on, march on, ſince we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forreine enemies,
Yet to beate downe, theſe rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
Thats the beſt newes, that the Earle of Richmond,
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they muſt be told.
King. Away towards Salisburie, while we reaſon here,
A royall battell might be wonne and loſt.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought,
To Salisburie, the reſt march on with me.

Enter Darbie, Sir Chriſtopher.

Dar. Sir Chriſtopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the ſtie of this moſt bloudie bore,
My ſonne George Stanley is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes young Georges head,
The feare of that, withholds my preſent aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Chriſt. At Pembroke, or at Herford-weſt in Wales.
Dar. What men of name reſort to him.
S. Chriſt. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowmed ſouldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, ſir William Stanlie,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, ſir Iames Blunt,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they do bend their courſe,
If by the way, they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath heartily conſented,
He ſhall eſpouſe Elizabeth her daughter.

These

Theſe letters will reſolue him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not king Richard let me ſpeake with him.
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buck. Haſtings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holie king Henrie, and thy faire ſonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miſcarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, foule iniuſtice,
If that your moodie diſcontented ſoules,
Do throgh the clouds behold this preſent houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my deſtruction.
This is Aſſoules day ſellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Whie then Aſſoules day, is my bodies domeſday:
This is the day, that in king Edward time,
I wiſht might fall on me, when I was found,
Falſe to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day, wherein I wiſht to fall,
By the falſe faith, of him I truſted moſt:
This, this Aſſoules day, to my fearefull ſoule,
Is the determind reſpit of my wrongs:
What high al-ſeer, that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earneſt what I begd in ieaſt.
Thus doeth he force the ſwords of wicked men.
To turne their owne pointes, on their maiſters boſome:
Now Margarets curſe, is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth ſhe, ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow.
Remember, Margaret was a Propheteſſe,
Come ſirs, conuey me to the blocke of ſhame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the dew of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my moſt louing friends,
Bruiſd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment.
And here receiue we, from our Father Stanlie,

Lines

Lines of faire comfort, and incouragement,
The wretched, bloudie, and vſurping bore,
That ſpoild your ſummer-fields, and frutefull vines,
Swils your warme bloud like waſh, and makes his trough,
In your inboweld boſomes, this foule ſwine,
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,
Neare to the towne of Leyceſter as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one daies march,
In Gods name cheere on, couragious friends,
To reape the harueſt of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloudie triall of ſharpe warre.
1. *Lo.* Euerie mans conſcience is a thouſand ſwords,
To fight againſt that bloudie homicide.
2. *Lo.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
3. *Lo.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greateſt need will ſhrinke from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Enter King Richard, Norffolke, Ratcliffe, Catesbie, with others.

King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in Boſworth field,
Whie, how now Catesbie, why looke ſt thou ſo ſad?
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King. Norffolke, come hither.
Norffolke, we muſt haue knockes, ha, muſt we not?
Norff. We muſt both giue, and take my gracious Lord.
King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lie to night,
But where to morrow, well all is one for that:
Who hath diſcried the number of the foe.
Norff. Six or ſeuen thouſand is their greateſt number.
King. Why our battailon trebels that account,
Beſides, the kings name is a tower of ſtrength,
Which they vpon the aduerſe partie want,
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs ſuruey the vantage of the field,
Call for ſome men of ſound direction,
Lets want no diſcipline, make no delay,

For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords, &c.

Rich. The wearie ſunne hath made a golden ſeate,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues ſignall of a goodlie day to morrow,
Where is ſir William Brandon, he ſhall beare my ſtanderd,
The Earle of Pembrooke keep his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goeſt:
Where is Lord Stanlie quarterd, doeſt thou know?

Blunt. Vnleſſe I haue miſtane his colours much,
Which well I am aſſur'd, I haue not done,
His regiment, lies halfe a mile at leaſt,
South from the mightie power of the King.

Rich. If without perill it be poſſible,
Good captaine Blunt beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this moſt needfull ſcrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, ile vndertake it,

Rich. Farewell good Blunt.
Giue me ſome inke, and paper, in my tent,
Ile draw the forme, and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his ſeuerall charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength,
Come, let vs conſult vpon to morrowes buſineſſe,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.

Enter king Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe Catesbie, &c.

Kin. What is a clocke.

Cat. It is ſixe of clocke, full ſupper time.

Kin. I will not ſup to night, giue me ſome inke and paper,
What, is my beuer eaſier then it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cat. It is my Liege, and all things are in readineſſe.

King. Good Norffolke, hie thee to thy charge,
Vſe carefull watch, chuſe truſtie centinell.

Norff. I go my Lord.

King. Stur

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norffolke

Norff. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesbie.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Send out a Purſeuant at armes
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his power
Before ſun riſing, leaſt his ſonne George fall
Into the blinde caue of eternall night.
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my ſtaues be ſound and not too heauy Ratliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Saweſt thou the melancholie L: Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himſelfe,
Much about cockſhut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the armie chearing vp the ſoldiers.

King. So I am ſatisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacrity of ſpirit
Nor cheare of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe. Is inke and paper readie?

Rat. It is my Lord.

King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me.
Ratliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I ſay. *Exit. Ratliffe.*

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victorie ſit on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy perſon noble father in law,
Tell me how fares our louing mother?

Dar. I by attorney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who praies continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkeneſſe breakes within the eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement,
Of bloudie ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring war,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,

With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes,
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers ſight.
Farewell, the leiſure and the feareful time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundried friends ſhould dwell vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue.
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed well.
Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leaſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of victorie,
Once more good night kind Lords and gentlemen. *Exunt.*
O thou whoſe Captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heauie fall,
The vſurping helmets of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eies,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me ſtill!

Enter the ghoſt of yoong Prince Edward, ſonne to Henry the ſixt, to Ri.

Ghoſt to Ri. Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow.
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth,
At Tewkesburie, diſpaire therefore and die.
To Rich. Be chearful Richmond, for the wronged ſoules
Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries iſſue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.

Ghoſt to Ri. When I was mortall, my annointed bodie,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower and me, diſpaire and die.

Harrie

Harrie the ſixt bids thee diſpaire and die.
To Rich. Vertuous and holie be thou conqueror,
Harrie that propheſied thou ſhouldeſt be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe, liue and floriſh.

Enter the Ghoaſt of Clarence.

Ghoaſt. Let me ſit heauie in thy ſoule to morrow,
I that was waſht to death with fulſome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betraid to death:
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, diſpaire and die.
To Rich. Thou offspring of the houſe of Lancaſter,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good angels guard thy battaile, liue and floriſh.

Enter the ghoaſts of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.

King. Let me ſit heauie in thy ſoule to morrow,
Riuers that died at Pomfret diſpaire and die.
Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy ſoule diſpaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare,
Let fall thy launce, diſpaire and die.
All to *Ri.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ri. boſome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the ghoaſts of the two young Princes.

Ghoſt to Ri. Dreame on thy Coſens ſmothered in the tower,
Let vs be laid within thy boſome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, ſhame, and death,
Thy Nephewes ſoules bid thee diſpaire and die.
To Ri. Sleepe Richmond ſleepe, in peace and wake in ioy,
Good angels guard thee from the bores annoy,
Liue and beget a happie race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappie ſonnes do bid thee floriſh.

Enter the ghoaſt of Haſtings.

Ghoaſt. Bloudie and guiltie, guiltilie awake,
And in a bloudie battaile end thy dayes,
Thinke on lord Haſtings, diſpaire and die.
To Rich. Quiet vntroubled ſoule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands ſake.

Enter the Ghoaſt of Ladie Anne his wife.

Richard thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,

That

That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happie victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoast of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O in the battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

Richard starteth vp out of a dreame.

K. Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds,
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame.
O Coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I,
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why?
Least I reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe?
O no, alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lie, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euerie tongue brings in a seuerall tale,
And euery tale condemns me for a villaine:

Periurie

Periurie, periurie, in the highest degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule will pittie me:
And wherefore should they, since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I murtherd,
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat,
To morrows vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Ki. Zoundes, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I, the early village cocke,
Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a fearfull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.
King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night,
Haue strooke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers,
Armed in proofe, and led by shallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day, come, go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the ewse dropper,
To see if any meane to shrinke from me. *Exeunt*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lor. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Crie mercie Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard here.
Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.

M.

Me thought their ſoules, whoſe bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie,
I promiſe you, my ſoule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lo. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.

His Oration to his ſouldiers.

More then I haue ſaid, louing countrimen,
The leiſure and inforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The praiers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, ſtand before our faces,
Richard, except thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloudie tirant, and a homicide.
One raiſd in bloud, and one in bloud eſtabliſhed,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughtered thoſe, that were the meanes to helpe him.
A baſe foule ſtone, made precious by the foile,
Of Englands chaire, where he is falſely ſet,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemie.
Then if you fight againſt Gods enemie,
God will in iuſtice, ward you as his ſouldiers,
If you doe ſweate to put a tyrant downe,
You ſleepe in peace, the tyrant being ſlaine,
If you do fight againſt your countries foes,
Your countries fat, ſhall paie your paines the hire.
If you do fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
Your wiues ſhall welcome home the conquerors,
If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Aduance your ſtandards, draw your willing ſwords,
For me, the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this colde corps on the earths cold face:

But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The leaſt of you, ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldlie, and chearefullie,
God, and Saint George, Richmond and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What ſaid Northumberland, as touching Richmond.
Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in armes.
King. He ſaid the truth, and what ſaid Surrey then.
Rat. He ſmiled and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.
King. He was in the right, and ſo indeed it is:
Tell the clocke there. *The clocke ſtriketh.*
Giue me a calender, who ſaw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he diſdaines to ſhine, for by the booke,
He ſhould haue braud the Eaſt an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to ſome bodie Rat.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The ſunne will not be ſeene to day,
The skie doth frowne, and lowre vpon our armie,
I would theſe dewie teares were from the ground,
Not ſhine to day: why, what is that to me?
More then to Richmond, for the ſelfe-ſame heauen,
That frownes on me, lookes ſadlie vpon him.

Enter Norffolke.

Norff. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, buſtle, buſtle, capariſon my horſe,
Call vp Lord Stanlie, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth, my ſouldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battaile ſhall be ordered.
My foreward ſhall be drawne in length,
Conſiſting equallie of horſe and foote,
Our Archers ſhall be placed in the midſt,
Iohn, Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of this foote and horſe,
They thus directed, we will follow,
In the maine battell, whoſe puiſſance on either ſide,
Shall be well winged with our cheefeſt horſe:
This, and Saint George to bootes, what thinkeſt thou Nor.

Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth him a paper.*
This found I on my tent this morning.
Iockey of Norfolke be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuised by the enemie.
Go Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules:
Conscience is but a word that cowards vse,
Deuisd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience swords, our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell.
His Oration to his Armie.
What shall I say more then I haue inferd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittains, and base lackey pesants,
Whom their orecloied country vomits forth,
To desperate aduentures and assurd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest,
You hauing lands and blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers wearie of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themselues,
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittains whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpt,
And in record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Fight Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,

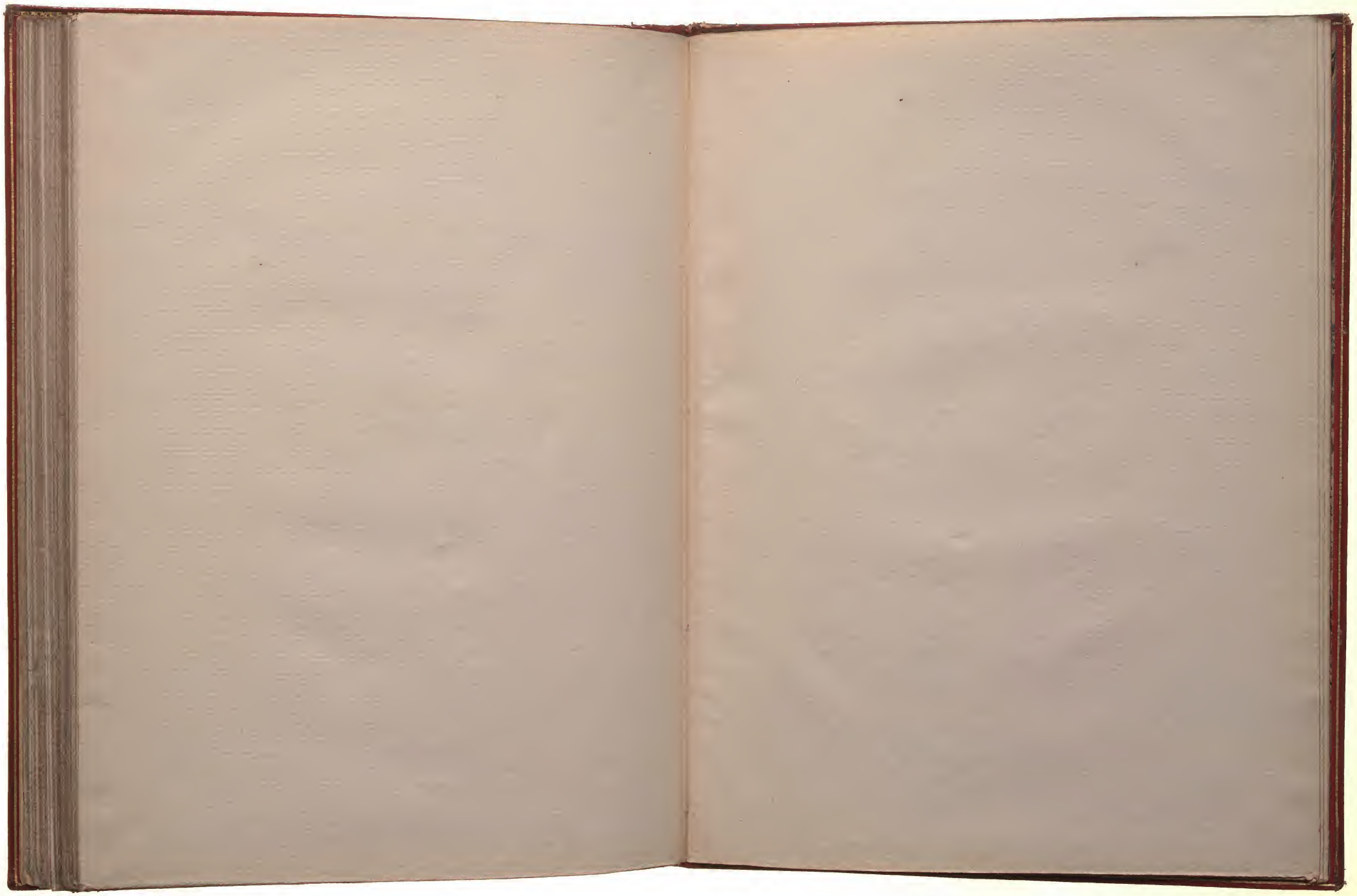
Draw

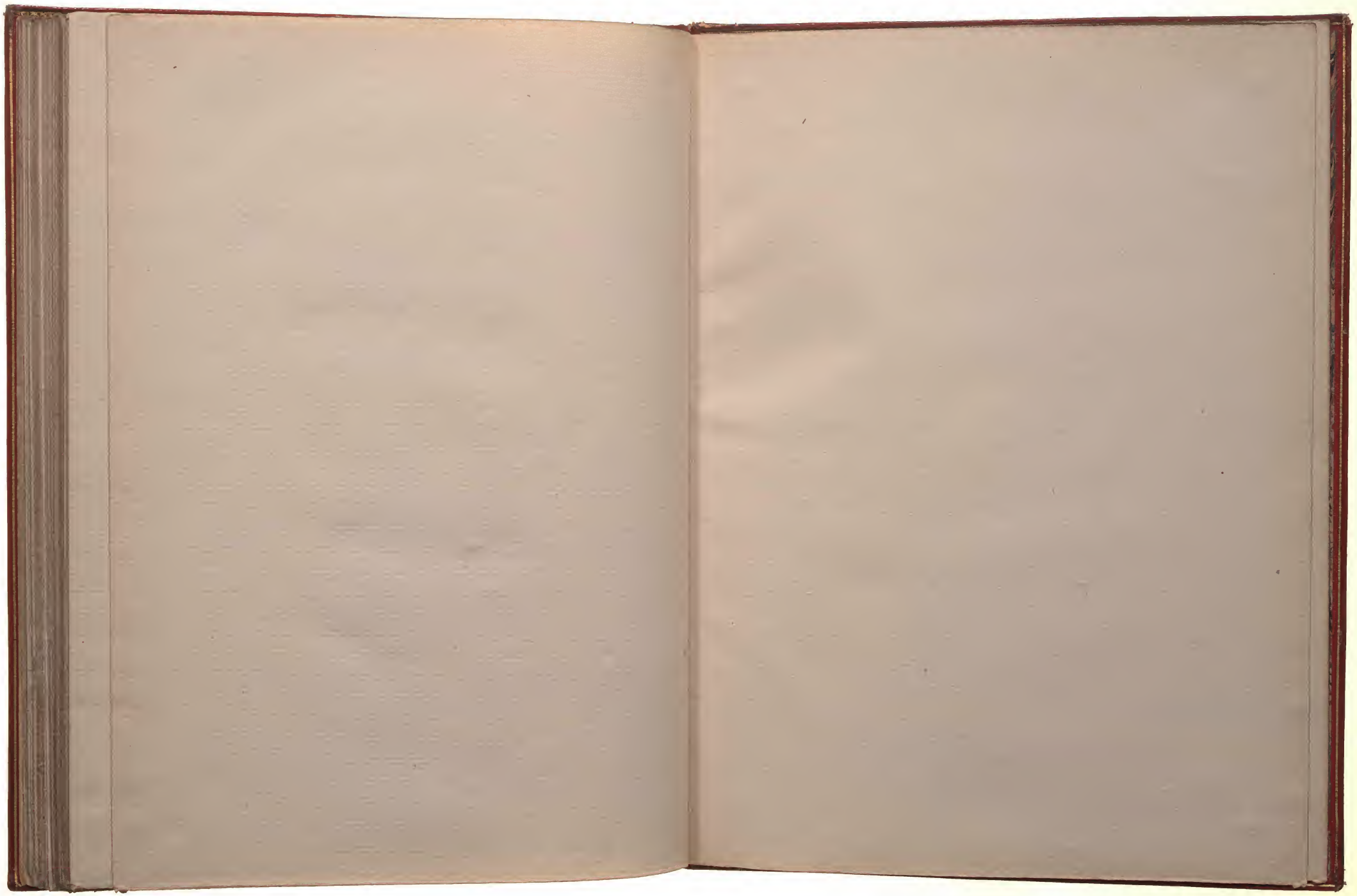
Draw archers draw, your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard and ride in bloud,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staues,
What saies lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Mes. My lord, he doth denie to come,
King. Off with his sonne Georges head.
Nor. My lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
After the battaile let George Stanley die.
King. A thousand harts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes.
Our ancient word of courage fare saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helmes. *Exeunt.*
Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesbie.
Cates. Rescew my lord of Norffolke, rescew, rescew,
The king enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euerie danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Rescew faire lord, or else the day is lost.
Enter Richard.
Kin. A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.
Cates. Withdraw my lord, ile helpe you to a horse.
King. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die,
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him,
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.
Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richards is slain, then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmõd, Darby, bearing the crowne, with other Lords, &c.
Ri. God and your armes be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloodie dog is dead.
Dar. Couragious Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee,
Loe here this long vsurped roialties
From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, enioy it, and make much of it.

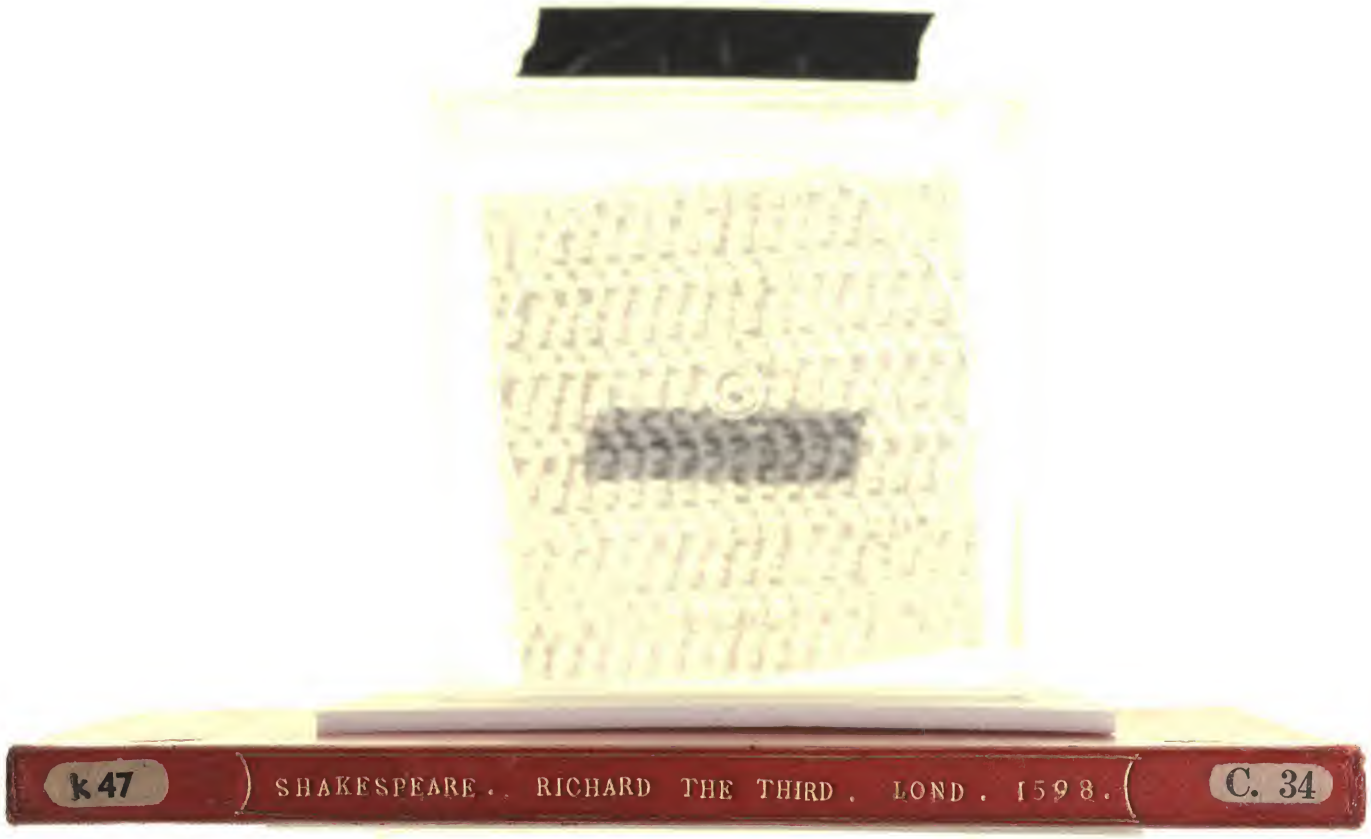
Rich.

Rich. Great God of heauen ſay Amen to all,
But tell me is young George Stanley liuing.
Der. He is my Lord, and ſafe in Leſter Towre.
Whither if it pleaſe you, we may now withdraw vs.
Rich. What men of name are ſlaine on either ſide?
Iohn Duke of Norffolke, Water Lord Ferris, ſir Robert Brookenbury, & ſir William Brandon.
Rich. Inter their bodies, as become their births.
Proclaime a pardon to the ſouldiers fled,
That in ſumiſſion will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the ſacrament,
We will vnite the white roſe and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long haue frownd vpon their enmitie,
What traitor heares me, and ſaies not Amen?
England hath long beene madde and ſcard her ſelfe,
The brother blindlie ſhed the brothers blood,
The father raſhlie ſlaughtered his owne ſonne,
The ſonne compeld, been butcher to the ſire,
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaſter,
Diuided in their dire diuiſion.
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true ſucceeders of each royall houſe,
By Gods faire ordinance conioine togither,
And let their heires (God if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth-faſt peace,
With ſmiling plentie and faire proſperous daies,
Abate the edge of traitors gracious Lord,
That wou'd reduce theſe bloudie daies againe,
And make poore England weepe in ſtreames of bloud,
Let them not liue to taſte this lands increaſe,
That would with treaſon wound this faire lands peace,
Now ciuill wounds are ſtopt, peace liues againe,
That ſhe may long liue heare, God ſay *Amen*.

FINIS.






k 47
SHAKESPEARE . RICHARD THE THIRD . LOND . 1598 .
C. 34